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The Week

AS the New Republic goes to press, it looks as if the Genoa Conference would adjourn by May 20th, and as if the only possible definite result of its labors would be a commission of experts to report on Russia, a self-denying ordinance with respect to concessions pending the report and a political truce for the same period. These are meagre achievements—less than might have been reasonably expected. They are so meagre that measured in terms of positive and effective agreements among the participating nations, the Conference is undoubtedly a failure. They have decided upon the commission not with any expectation that it will be more successful in reaching an agreement than the Genoa Conference, but merely to keep the Conference nominally alive during the next few months for domestic political purposes. The stage of the conflict will now be transferred from Genoa to London or Paris, and the scenery will be entirely shifted. Mr. Lloyd George will find himself confronted with the double task of keeping his government intact and operative in spite of his failure at Genoa and of negotiating with M. Poincaré about the German default in reparation payments. June, 1922, may well turn out to be an important month in the history of Europe. If the Genoa Conference fails, said Lord Birkenhead recently, the world will be confronted with "one of the blackest moments since the Middle Ages."

ASSUMING that the Genoa Conference is from the point of view of definite achievements appraised as a failure, the critical question now is: what result will the failure have upon the future standing at home and abroad of the several governments which have either brought it about or have been unable to prevent it from occurring? The answer to this question depends to a very considerable extent upon the choice which Mr. Lloyd George himself makes in assigning responsibility for the disagreement. The French plan, as the New York Times correspondent pointed out, was to insist upon inserting in the memorandum terms which the Soviet leaders could not accept without imperilling their own position in Russia, and then, when the Russians baulked at the provisions, to impute the "official blame" for the breakdown of the negotiations to the Russians. The plan did not work perfectly because the English and the Italians were not so uncompromising in drawing up the memorandum as the French desired and the document as actually presented was not accepted by M. Poincaré himself. But even so the Russians refused it. Mr. Lloyd George knows better than anyone else whether as a matter of fact Russia or France is chiefly to blame. If he attaches most of the blame to France, the Franco-British Entente, such as it is, will come to an end. If he attaches most of the blame to Russia, the result of his condemnation of the Soviet government will be to increase considerably the difficulties of any future traffic with the present Russian government. In any event serious negotiations will have to await changes in the balance of political power in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany and Russia. For

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it is evident that the present governments cannot both reach an agreement about Russia one with another and survive the opposition at home which an agreement would provoke. Neither in all probability can they survive for long the opposition and the practical difficulties which the present disagreement will provoke.

THERE seems to be a tendency among some Americans to attribute the failure of the Conference at Genoa to the refusal of the American government to send representatives. But in what way the presence of an American delegation would have improved the chance of an agreement we are unable to see. The American representatives, if they acted on Mr. Hughes' formula, would have joined with France and Belgium in protesting against the Anglo-Italian memorandum. The formula prohibits the recognition of the Russian government unless it officially abjures communism. It calls for another Russian revolution as a condition of Russian and European reconstruction. The American policy, that is, is the polar opposite of the policy of Mr. Lloyd George which seeks to assimilate the Russian economic and social system to that of the rest of the world, not by the agony and distress of another revolution, but by a gradual process of modification under the influence of the practical necessities of financial and commercial intercourse. The presence of American delegates at Genoa, instead of tending to mitigate the failure would have rendered it more complete. They would have assisted the French government in obstructing the economic and political reunion of Europe.

WHY was the United States invited to join in the proposed conference on Russia to be convened next month? What powers desired our presence, and what did they expect to get out of us? These are questions that every American must answer to his own satisfaction before he can make up his mind as to whether Secretary Hughes' rejection was fortunate or not. If the question to be discussed is that of recognizing Russia under a communistic régime, with no matter how many concessions to practical exigencies, America's vote would be in the negative. If the question is that of granting credits to the present Russian régime, no matter what equivalent Russia offered in the way of assumption of debts and compensation for foreign property interests, America's vote would be still more emphatically in the negative. The United States government will grant no credits to the Soviet government, nor to any government that succeeds it, whatever that government professes. As a nation we are out of the money lending business. If the question is one of binding all countries to make no separate treaties with Russia, America's vote would be in the affirmative. No official relations with Russia until the Soviet government rots and drops off; that would be the meaning of our vote. Now, what powers wanted us to come and vote in that sense? France and Belgium, of course. England did not want us there, nor did Italy and Germany. They could expect nothing from our participation except the maintenance of the status quo, which is ruinous to them. But it would have been highly tactless for them to protest against the proposal to invite us.

A CONFERENCE on Russia which merely arrived at the negative conclusion that there can be no dealings with Russia until the Russian government officially abandons the principles of communism would be a complete failure. There is nothing that can be offered the present government of Russia that would induce it to abjure its principles. The power of the present governing group rests upon the loyal support of the five or six hundred thousand active members of the communist party. If the present governing group abjured communism, the party would dissolve and the governing group would very soon be presented with the alternative of suicide or execution. Rather than accept such a condition they would take their chances with a restored blockade or even war. They would be beaten in the end, but not before they had pulled down a good part of the tottering European structure. American diplomacy may chant virtuously, "Let justice be done though the skies tumble in," but it doesn't happen to be our skies that are in jeopardy, but those of Poland, Germany, Rumania, Italy. That is why there can be no hope of securing a general agreement of all the European nations to abstain from forming relations with communistic Russia. Those countries which feel most keenly the necessity of avoiding extreme measures will make their separate agreements after the conference, as they would if no conference were convened.

THE creation of a National Council for the building industry, with Franklin Roosevelt as a sort of arbiter, looks like a step in advance. If the industry is to prosper and perform the service the public has a right to demand of it, continuous interchange of information as to the facts of the industry is necessary. Moreover, in critical periods like the one we are now going through there is a pressing need for cooperation in working out general policies that may give a sound tone to the industry. The danger inherent in associations with-

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in an industry is that they may turn to the ways of monopoly. But an association coextensive with the industry, especially when it is inaugurated under the initiative of men like Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, may be expected to look out for the permanent interests of the whole industry, which cannot drift far away from the public interest. Whatever effect the association may have may then be expected to be beneficial. It remains for experience to demonstrate whether the industry will grant the association sufficient powers to enable it to do effective work.

BONUS legislation is still probable, but to judge from the lagging activity of Congress and the lack of interest in the press, it is less probable than it was four weeks ago. One reason why the bonus is losing ground is that no satisfactory revenue for financing it has been found. It is admitted on all sides that no sales tax law can be passed. Neither can the party in power revive the excess profits tax. The proposal to assign the customs duties to the bonus, thus sweetening both measures, has failed to evoke enthusiasm anywhere. The customs duties are needed for other purposes. The certificate plan of bonus financing is too badly enmeshed in complicated details to be popular. But perhaps the chief reason is that the political panic which pressed bonus measures forward is subsiding. The soldier vote is still ardently desired, but the unsteady behavior of the electorate in recent test elections is something to remind Congressmen that there are other classes of voters who need to be conciliated, and who might not take in good part the saddling of new burdens upon the treasury.

OF the millions of American boys who have been charmed by Mary Pickford, some four or five will become President, when enough decades have gone by. And one of them, grateful for the pleasant hours she gave him, will appoint her a special commissioner to report on European banking or potash production or some other appropriate subject. For the precedent has been set by President Harding in sending Lillian Russell abroad to study the immigration problem. As a result of what she discovered abroad, she concludes that we ought to require nine years residence instead of five before granting citizenship papers, and tax every alien who doesn't announce his intention of becoming a citizen two dollars a month to pay for the education of those who wish to become citizens. Aliens are rather shrewd about money matters, and we suspect that such a provision would bring in many announcements but little cash. Then, the immigrant should be subjected to rigid medical tests abroad. No doubt, Lillian Russell would have every consul as well provided with a medical staff as our immigration service on Ellis Island. There should be several entry ports such as Ellis Island, she thinks. There are, but that is a detail. Mary Pickford will have to prime herself betimes on banking or potash, if she is to maintain Lillian Russell's standard of sapiency.

THE House Committee on Labor has made a sensible report on the coal industry. It recommends what everyone who has been in touch with the situation has for long been urging: a "fact-finding agency." According to the report, the Geological Survey sometimes covers as many as 2,000 out of the country's 11,000 mines, but secures important information—not always complete at that—from only 200 mines. Operators who have appeared before the committee have given the cost of coal as $2.94 per ton, of which $1.99 was for labor, but their averages were based on figures for some 650 mines only, excluding expensive and unprofitable ones. The committee should give this part of its statement the widest publicity: "There is approximately one-third too many coal mines and one-third too many miners for the proper economical operation and development of the industry." The public may well hope and expect that the House will follow up its committee's statement, that no present government agency has the legal right to get necessary information about coal, with action drastic enough to cure this condition.

Good Titles to Poor Property

AS a result of the breakdown of the negotiations at Genoa the likelihood in the near future of any general economic agreement between Russia and the other European powers becomes so slight as to be almost negligible. The establishment of an international commission to investigate the productive possibilities of Russia and to pave the way, perhaps, for some future agreement has the merit of keeping the negotiations alive, but the agreements for which the commission may prepare will in all probability run not between Russia and the rest of Europe, but between Russia and particular nations or groups of nations, or between Russia and particular groups of capitalists. Agreements of this kind, if and when they are reached, will furnish to Russia the same kind of assistance which the Conference offered in the abortive memorandum; but the Russian communist government will not have to pay for the credits by concessions both in form and in substance which would in its opinion fatally compromise both its own

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domination and the future welfare of the Russian people.

Why has this costly and in part sincere attempt to reach a general agreement failed? Is the failure traceable to perversity in the attitude of the parties to the negotiation? The New York World seems to attribute it to wilful perversity when it characterizes the Chicherin note as an impossible reply to an impossible proposal. But is it fair to divide the responsibility in half? If the proposal of the Conference was impossible, the Russians have some excuse for returning an impossible answer. The memorandum prepared by the Conference was framed chiefly to place the communists in a hole. It asked the Russians to consent to terms and conditions which ignored the irretrievable facts of Russian economic ruin and to which they could not consent without moral and political suicide. Considering their own political necessities what answer could the Russians return except to decline and to rationalize their refusal by a speech to their gallery? The chief asset they have in their bargaining with the other European governments consists in their possible willingness to recognize more or less of the debts of former Russian governments. If they surrender this asset without any assurance of obtaining the kind and amount of credits which are indispensable to the economic restoration of Russia, they would not only have dug their own graves as the pioneers of an experiment in socialist statecraft but they would have imposed a mortgage upon the future productive resources of their country as impossible as that which the Versailles Treaty imposed on Germany. By rejecting a bargain which they or any other Russian government could not carry out, the Russians were doing more to vindicate the sacredness of contracts as a necessary element in civilized intercourse than were their critics. The acceptance of the memorandum and the continuation of the discussion on the basis of its provisions would have done nothing to convert the claims of foreigners on Russian productive resources into genuine property, while at the same time it would have impaired the very foundation of any future structure of property values in Russia.

The English, French, American and Italian statesmen and financiers who believe, no doubt in good faith, that they are vindicating the security of private property and the sacredness of contracts by insisting on the repayment by Russia in the future of billions of rubles which were loaned to the Russian government or to Russian business before and during the war are ignoring certain grim and irrevocable facts and are seeking compensation for their ignorance by accepting palpable illusions. The property loaned to Russia is for practical purposes largely wiped out. The people who borrowed it wasted a large part of it right away by spending it to defend or to increase the military power or the prestige of a corrupt and tyrannical government. But even that fraction of it which was invested in railroads and other productive machinery is not much better off. It is so run down that it does not possess a tithe of its former value. This deterioration is not due primarily to the Russian Revolution. It is due to the destruction wrought during and since the war. The war operated in practice to blockade Russia, except for military supplies, as effectively as it blockaded Germany. The whole productive plant of the country, which was dependent for its renewal upon assistance from abroad, immediately began to deteriorate, and its deterioration continued at such a rapid rate that by the winter of 1917 it had rendered Russia incapable of effective fighting and was itself one of the causes of the Revolution. If Russia was to meet her obligations and preserve her institutions, she must have peace. The Revolution was the expression of the Russian people's desire for peace and their crying need of it. The war had destroyed and was destroying more quickly and more completely in Russia than it had in any other European country the industrial, mechanical and technical fabric of Russian life. Yet in spite of their need the Russians could not get peace with the consent of the rest of Europe; and they finally had to purchase it by submitting in despair to a second revolution. The communists were the only party which dared to incur the odium of making peace in defiance of the wishes of Russia's western allies.

Communism not only wiped out the titles to private property in Russia, but by disregarding and exterminating the customary incentives to economic production, it inflicted still further damage upon the tattered fabric of Russian agriculture and industry. Yet at bottom it only added a violent legal and political consummation to the destruction of property values which had already taken place. The war itself had confiscated in the sense of wiping out a large part of the previously existing wealth in Russia, both public and private. The titles remained; the property itself had in large measure as irrevocably disappeared as if they had burned it up. It would require almost as much money to restore it as it did to purchase it. But the rage for destruction continued. In order to complete the work of confiscation, the Allies for several years maintained the blockade of Russia and prevented internal restoration by financing

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counter-revolutionary armies. No Russian government since March, 1917, even though composed exclusively of men who believe as devoutly in the sacredness of titles to private property as does M. Raymond Poincaré or Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, could by any conceivable legal validation have restored reality to the wealth which the war and its results had wiped out of existence. In so far as they tried to do so they would not bestow security on property. They would be selling unborn Russians who were not responsible for the results of the war and the revolution into economic servitude—the kind of servitude which the Russian peasant would, if necessary, willingly avoid by supporting a communist government.

Surely it is time for the statesmen and financiers of Europe and America to ask themselves what they gain by insisting stubbornly and meticulously upon the sacredness of titles to property, when as a consequence of their own acts or of governments under their control, the property itself is wholly or partly annihilated. Europe and to a much smaller extent the United States occupies the position of a railroad company which has destroyed or worn out one-third of its road bed and equipment and at the same time increased by ten-fold its bonded indebtedness. There is no way in which the debt can be paid, and the attempt to pay it only increases its future burdens. How can the titles to property be secure in a society which authorizes such an orgy of annihilation as that which took place during and since the World War? How can they be secure in a society which as a result of a war authorizes such a wholesale confiscation of private property as that which is specified in the Treaty of Versailles? How can they be secure in a society which when it is faced by the painful consequences of its own transgressions continues the process of confiscation and destruction by issuing more and more promises to pay which it cannot keep? M. Poincaré when he threatens to seize the Ruhr Basin as a penalty for the German failure to pay an impossible indemnity is doing far more to render property in Europe valueless and to deprive human life in Europe of dignity and worth than is M. Chicherin when he refuses to validate the titles to property which no longer exists. The Russo-German Treaty and not the memorandum submitted by the Genoa Conference to Russia indicates the policy which will give future security to property in Europe. Such security depends upon the abandonment rather than the inflexible assertion of titles which, if validated, will represent a claim not on productive economic machines and resources but upon an impoverished human life and labor.

When the Russian government demanded the lending to Russia of large additional sums of money in the same document which repudiated the obligation to pay back the amount which Russians had already borrowed, the demand was not so absurd as it looked. Just in proportion as the old debts are recognized the security for possible new loans diminishes in value. Russia can only pay a certain amount of money abroad even after her plant is restored. If she uses her ability to establish credits abroad chiefly for the purpose of paying interest on the old debts, she would be unable or able only to a small extent to pay interest on the new loans. Yet without new loans for a large amount, the productive efficiency of the Russian economic organism will remain gravely impaired. The restoration of future property values in Russia seems to depend in part upon the extinction of the titles to property belonging to foreigners which the war and its results have destroyed. But, of course, a grave and for the present an insurmountable practical difficulty remains. Russia is demoralized and bankrupt; her present government does not inspire any confidence in the mind of her actual and possible creditors. A future government of a different kind would be as keen to repudiate the obligations incurred by the Soviets as the Soviet Republic is to repudiate the obligations of the Tsar. Under the circumstances large loans are out of the question. They must be postponed until the Soviet government still further proves its ability to govern and to meet its own obligations. In the meantime the assistance which Russia will receive will come as the result of special bargains with particular groups of capitalists rather than from a general agreement.

Mexico: Why Not Recognition?

WHEN is the anomalous relationship between our government and that of Mexico to be ended? After eighteen months delay is President Obregon at last to be recognized? It would seem so if rumors current in Mexico City and Washington are to be believed. But as yet no formal or official statement of either government gives credence to this report.

Just a year ago Secretary Hughes submitted to President Obregon the draft of a treaty of amity and commerce in which, it was then announced, Mexico was to agree to "safe-guard the rights of American property which attached before the Constitution of 1917 was promulgated." Mr. Hughes in explanation added, "Whenever there

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is a goverment in Mexico willing to bind itself to the discharge of primary obligations, concurrently with that act recognition will take place."

Unfortunately, the text of this proposed treaty has never been published. The most exaggerated reports of its terms have been believed in Mexico. Its provisions have often been confused with the much more extreme terms urged by Secretary of the Interior Fall. It is not surprising, therefore, that a writer in one of the magazines last week reported that a high Mexican official had said that Mr. Hughes was demanding as the price of recognition the right to interfere gratuitously in the internal affairs of Mexico. Mr. Hughes' categorical and sharp denial would, we believe, not have been necessary, had the contents of the treaty been divulged. Secret diplomacy in our relations with Mexico has made distortion easy and misrepresentation almost inevitable.

Whatever the treaty's terms, President Obregon has persistently refused to sign it in its present form. He has, however, repeatedly declared publicly that foreign property will receive the fullest protection and that Article 27 of the 1917 Constitution, widely extending the principle of nationalization, will not be interpreted retroactively. He has officially suggested the appointment of joint commissions for the adjudication of all claims growing out of the revolutionary disturbances. In respect to taxes, he has denied any practice of discrimination against foreigners or that assessments are in any sense confiscatory. These assurances have not seemed adequate in Washington.

In the meantime, President Obregon has steadily consolidated his power. His government is recognized everywhere within the Mexican borders. The sporadic outbreaks which were for a time more or less common have ceased. The Congress meets regularly and the debates give every evidence of complete freedom of speech. The courts are exercising their functions throughout the country. The federal revenues are being paid regularly. The Constitution of 1917 is accepted everywhere as the supreme law of the land.

Mexico has, in fact, now emerged unaided from the disorders of revolution, has reestablished in large part her commerce, agriculture and her manufacturing. Production begins to approach that of 1910. Her mines have increased their output. The banking situation has been improved. The country is on a gold basis and exchange is about on a parity with pre-war figures.

It is evident now that the revolution has been a real revolution and not a mere change of power from one faction to another. The Madero-Carranza-Obregon movement has been throughout essentially continuous. A far-reaching social and economic revolution, it has transferred political control from a very small capitalist, aristocratic and clerical group to the leaders of the still only partially formed middle class indoctrinated with liberal political and economic principles. These principles are essential to the establishment of successful popular government. The more equitable distribution of land, the separation of church and state, the abolition of peonage, the development of local political control, a system of taxation more favorable to the poor, the promotion of education by the state, progressive labor and welfare legislation—such are the watch-words of the Obregon administration, identical with those of Carranza, and before him of Madero.

Obregon has effected a working arrangement with the Catholic Church. Though its exact basis would be difficult to define, it is a compromise which appears to be giving general satisfaction. With the Protestant missionary forces, Obregon is, like his predecessor Carranza, on the friendliest terms, encouraging actively their religious and educational efforts.

Even the oil question is on the way to solution. Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and Chairman of the committee of five leading American oil men who have just returned from a series of conferences in Mexico City with representatives of the Mexican government on taxation matters, has just announced that "an agreement has been reached placing oil taxes in Mexico on a sound and permanent basis." There remain unsolved the difficult problems of titles to oil lands acquired prior to the promulgation of the new Constitution. But all these are essentially justiciable. They should be satisfactorily settled either by arbitration or friendly negotiation. They cannot justify a policy of non-recognition.

Now, for the first time since 1914, Mexico's foreign debt is the subject of serious negotiations. Secretary of the Treasury de la Huerta is coming to New York the last of May to confer with the European and American members of the International Bankers Committee. Out of this conference, which is a continuation of those begun by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont in Mexico last September, may emerge a solution of the whole complicated problem of handling Mexico's various external obligations. Such an agreement would certainly facilitate and might form a part of a settlement of the remaining questions between the Mexican government and the American and other foreign oil interests. With the removal from the field of

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controversy of the major questions of finance and oil, the questions involved in recognition would be greatly simplified.

One question remains a source of misunderstanding—Mexico's attempts to solve her most fundamental problem, that of the land. The administration of the law authorizing the breaking up of the vast haciendas has often been unwise, particularly in a few of the states. Theoretically American holdings have been taken over by the "vecinos" only when the titles have been defective, but practically the properties of Americans validly acquired have occasionally been sequestered without adequate compensation. The land bonds with which the Mexican government proposes to indemnify the dispossessed owners will at first have little, if any, value. Complaints against this policy of "confiscation" accumulating in the State Department must have done much to strengthen Mr. Hughes' determination to insist upon specific written guarantees prior to the recognition.

In view of the above brief survey of the situation in Mexico, is the United States justified in its policy of non-recognition? The de facto character of the Obregon government is unquestionable. It shows every evidence of stability and of capacity to carry out its international obligations—the two conditions designated by international law as prerequisites to recognition. Moreover, prior to the Wilson administration, it was the almost uniform practice of the United States to grant unconditional recognition to de facto governments. President Obregon has already been recognized by at least twenty-two governments, which include, in addition to fifteen Latin American states, Holland, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Germany, China and Japan. Under these circumstances, continuance of Mr. Hughes' policy of non-recognition will amount almost to an unfriendly, if not hostile attitude, especially since formal recognition by France and Great Britain waits upon prior action by the United States. None the less Secretary Hughes has shown no inclination to modify his requirements. Mexican opinion would bitterly resent any yielding to American "coercion." Must recognition then wait upon an educated and aroused American public opinion? Probably not, if a face-saving formula can be found.

A formula which may serve this purpose has just been suggested. It is the creation of an International Commission to study all of the relations between the United States and Mexico. Neither the Harding administration nor President Obregon have formally commented on this scheme. It might, however, be received favorably both in Washington and in Mexico City. In any event, its adoption would be but a first step, yet an important first step, for it would substitute round-table conference for the exchange of formal notes. Such a Commission ought not, however, reopen questions which are either solved, like those of oil taxation, or in the course of solution, like those of the foreign debt.

Perhaps a more practical method would be the negotiation of an International Claims Convention, the making of which would automatically carry with it recognition; the understanding being that the Mexican government would thereafter immediately take up the negotiation of a treaty of amity and commerce along the lines proposed by Secretary Hughes last year. This Obregon would probably agree to do, if there was an understanding that nothing should be included in such treaty derogatory to the dignity and sovereignty of Mexico. But it is doubtful whether our government would accept this program unless the precise terms of the treaty later to be signed were agreed upon in advance. If these terms did not infringe upon Mexico's rights, President Obregon would seem to be well-advised if he were to accept them.

It is folly for either government to put technicalities of consistency above common sense. Mexico needs and deserves recognition. If Secretary Hughes were to be less the school-master and more the statesman, the remaining differences between the two governments—not primarily questions of form—would not much longer be permitted to postpone the reestablishment of normal diplomatic relations.

Curse Me This History

THERE are several differences between the National Civic Federation's Chairman of the Department on Study of Revolutionary Movements, Dr. Condé B. Pallen, and Balak the son of Zippor. Balak's enemies were the Children of Israel. Dr. Pallen's enemies are the two volumes of Mr. Wells' Outline of History. Balak said to Balaam: "Come now therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people." Dr. Pallen sends "a letter of inquiry" to "a number of American professors and historians." Balak realized immediately that he was not getting the curses for which he had placed his order with Balaam: "And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together: and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times."

Dr. Pallen's anger is not kindled against the American professors and historians who have

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answered his letter. He has gathered their answers together into a symposium, which the National Civic Federation publishes as a pamphlet. Dr. Pallen says: "This Symposium shows very clearly that our educational leaders are not ready to surrender to the extreme radicalism advocated by Wells and his kind. We still have our common sense and we are still Americans." We are somewhat surprised at Dr. Pallen's belief that he has got the curses he wanted, that his symposium will do the Outline of History more harm than good. He does not appear to be aware that a noxious moral lesson may be drawn from his procedure.

His procedure has been fair enough. In choosing recipients for his letter of inquiry he did not confine himself to any one brand of historians and professors. He gives more space to the replies from which he dissents most utterly than to the replies with which he almost wholly or wholly agrees. They vary, these replies, from rather silly to extremely able; nor is the ability or the silliness confined to either one of what may be called, loosely, the two opposing camps. And the net result of the impressions left—on our mind at least—by the symposium is that Mr. Wells has written an extraordinarily readable book. Not a good text-book for school and college use. Too long, too sectarian, too lop-sided, too cock-sure in various regions where sureness is out of place, terribly preachy, unable to see the past as anything but preparation or failure to prepare for the kind of future Mr. Wells would like. Or would have liked while writing his Outline. But clearly a book to buy if you have the price and to read if you have the time.

Knocking the Outline as a text-book, as something to be used in schools and colleges, in places where teachers can point out Mr. Wells' inaccuracies and can do their best to stem the current of his tendency, the symposium boosts the Outline as a book to read for fun, by oneself, with no professor or historian or researcher at hand to put antidote in the poison. Well, somebody may object, why should not Dr. Pallen be content with such a result as you describe? Didn't he begin his letter of inquiry by saying: "You may or may not be aware that there is now on foot a fairly well-defined and more or less organized movement to introduce H. G. Wells's Outline of History into our schools and colleges and, in a certain measure, to use it as a substitute for other historical text books and authorities"? Our answer to this interruption is that although Dr. Pallen is right in thinking the effect of his symposium will be to discourage the use of the Outline as a text-book, that although he has attained his objective, this objective is not, from his standpoint, the one he had better have chosen. His true objective lay at the opposite point of the compass from the objective he has reached. By trial and error mankind may one day discover a better way of killing off interest in a book than making it a school or college text-book, but up to the present this way is the best. Professors trained to be dull and to make their dullness contagious could easily take the shine off even Mr. Wells' brightest pages. One of the most amusing books on economics in the world, The Wealth of Nations, has been used with such deadly accuracy in our colleges that to thousands of college graduates the name of Adam Smith is for the rest of their lives an abomination.

So you see it is easy to draw that noxious moral we were speaking of. Dr. Pallen has a faith in his cause so strong that he believes he can injure his enemies by treating them fairly. His symposium is the closest approach to fair fighting that the National Civic Federation has ever been guilty of. It is fair but it isn't fighting. The defeat of Mr. Wells' Outline as a text-book is a victory for it as something to read for pleasure. Balak the son of Zippor went differently to work. He called for curses and would accept no inferior substitute. Unlike Dr. Pallen, Balak could tell curses and blessings apart. But Dr. Pallen may learn. People may let him know that he has misjudged the effect of his symposium. The next time he takes the field against Mr. Wells he may be tempted to say that nearly all readers of the Outline agree with Professor William Milligan Sloane, who has "read large portions" of it and finds "no 'gripping qualities' "; or to offer, in answer to those who maintain that Mr. Wells is easy to read, this bit of adverse evidence: "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and who had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable. . . ." Tempted to offer this passage, we mean, as if it were a quotation from Mr. Wells; tempted to suppress the truth that it is recited by the Mouse, when he and Alice and the Duck and the Dodo and the Lory and the Eaglet have got out of the pool, in the hope that it will dry their clothes. "I'll soon make you dry enough," says the Mouse before beginning his quotation. "This is the driest thing I know." But we don't believe Dr. Pallen will be tempted to such a piece of forgery. Indeed, we rather think he would like Mr. Wells better if the Outline were written in the style which the Mouse found so dry.

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Questions for Coal Barons

. . . . . the sole purpose of the plaintiff [coal companies] and the coal operators' Union of Somerset county *is to make money* and pay dividends regardless of the miners' wages.—*Miners' brief in Common Pleas Court, Somerset, Pennsylvania.*

THE King's Robing Room where the miners of Britain brought the coal dukes to book in 1919 had its tiny counterpart on April 27th in the Court of Common Pleas, Somerset County, Pennsylvania. In London it was the robe of private ownership of a natural resource that was rent and the British talked of seeing, behind the tatters, revolution. In Somerset the petticoats of our most respectable non-unionism were fluttered and the jade's bones were on view, plain to more than Somerset, except for the habitual delicacy of the Associated Press in industrial matters.

Labor conditions in Thibet have been popular gossip compared to our common knowledge of what went on in Somerset County. Traditionally non-union, an American-plan paradise, this region between the Pennsylvania Railroad main line and the Maryland border was the bailiwick of great operators whose letterheads assured buyers of punctual deliveries because "strikes were unknown." There were rumors of perpetual model production by model villages of miners whose content was unspeakable (certainly, unspoken). No rowdyism such as buttresses the non-union peace of Logan County, West Virginia. The Somerset companies had directors who sat also on the boards of banks like the Mellon National, Guaranty Trust, Girard Trust and National Surety, of transportation companies like the Reading, Erie, Interborough, of steamship lines, of steel, oil, and insurance companies, and of the National Coal Association and the Anthracite Operators Association.

And then in a day, to be exact, in three April weeks, this cellarful of the old reliable home brew blew up. The whole batch went union—Berwind-White, Consolidation, Hillman Coal & Coke, Quemahoning, Lochrie, Arrow, Pennsylvania Collieries, Brothers-Valley and twenty smaller companies. A few thousand strike invitation cards, (3 inches by 6), sent in by President Brophy from the abutting district of the miners' union, a few thousand of the district's newspaper, a few hundred footloose young strikers trotting, on their own initiative, from mining camp to mining camp, a few dozen organizers breathlessly following with union scale books and "obligations"—and the first phase of the revolution in Somerset was over.

The companies got injunctions, of course, and it was the argument on the injunction which brought the miners and operators together on April 27th.

"Within the broad mahogany rail in comfortable chairs sat the barons of Somerset, urbane, neat, some lean with glasses perched on their noses, some with paunches reposing on their thighs, mostly pleasant gentlemen of poised address. Behind were the miners, in all available seats and standing along the walls, staring at the lofty ceilings, or screwing their faces to catch the legal noises; their laughter quick and free as their lawyers scored points." So an eyewitness.

The day's proceedings limned the non-union paradise; first sketchily: "The relations with our labor were the most pleasant; the mines have been working very regularly; there has never been any trouble of any kind." So the Consolidation vice-president, in the identical words used by Mr. Gary before the Senate committee investigating the steel strike of 1919; "our men are contented." Then under cross-examination the picture came out clear:—guards, deputies, coal and iron police, spotters and gunmen around the camps; shots fired by mine officers; searchlights; miners beaten up; miners listed for attending meetings and fired in groups; miners' families evicted; miners herded into jail on "suspicion" or no charges. After the company officers came the organizers' testimony; into a non-union town and thrown out; thrown into a jail and let out; the Somerset merry-go-round. "At Meyersdale nine autos of Consolidation guards and a speeder of B. & O. police finished our meeting." "At Biesecker there were 18 guards to 29 miners."

"At Jenner, company constable Mays and seven guards throwed me and brother Hapgood out." (This was brother Pete Mallon on the stand.) Later, at the county seat, across from the court house, in a lawyer's office, the burgess and borough cop had found Mallon and Hapgood. "They marched us down to the square and said 'Youse has got to leave town.'" Mallon had followed the union's policy of avoiding conflict and had left; Hapgood went to the lockup.

The normalcy of non-unionism, before the strike, was recorded also: mines shut down or running half time during business depression, as in union fields; wage cuts; sporadic strikes, once with the labor force fired and replaced by southern Negroes; complaints about tonnage and dead work, but no committee allowed and no checkweighmen. "We pay a man according to what he is worth. No general scale. I don't know what the union scales are. Nobody complained when we reduced wages. I forget how much the reductions were. No, the price of coal wasn't reduced." So a Consolidation superintendent. As to the model housing; in most camps three-quarters of the houses without water;

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ice cream parlors though, and movies; three nurses; roads unpaved; sidewalks are "practically all cinder paths; there is some fences about four boards high."

To regain paradise, the barons were frank as to their intentions and desires. The court must outlaw the union. "This is a conspiracy. If outsiders get our miners to quit work, *even by persuasion,* they are committing an illegal act. Especially when accompanied by these meetings. What is their purpose? To unionize the miners and injure our business. We have a legal right to conduct our business as we see fit,—non-union. These acts of organization,— strike cards, meetings—are unlawful."

Authority? "The United States Supreme Court. 245 U. S. p. 229, Hitchman vs. Mitchell." Counsel read into the record the notorious magna charta of the open shop in America and demanded: "What standing has the union in court when the Supreme Court says *it is unlawful* to go in and organize a non-union mine?"

The miners met the issue flat: the union stands on its rights in Somerset; the sole purpose of the operators is to make money; the alleged cordial relations, goodwill and harmony is sham of the thinnest veneer; the purpose of the union is to improve the miner's life and is lawful. As to the Hitchman Coal and Coke precedent, that was based on written (yellow dog) contracts, while in Somerset only verbal contracts are alleged, and not even proved.

Judge Berkey's decision was brief but on one phase emphatic: concerning the delicate legal question of the union's right to organize he would decide later; concerning the meetings, the men had that right, not on company property but near it; and operators and guards must stay away from the meetings. "What business have you there? Would you tolerate a miner at the operators' meetings?" The companies' lawyer cried out that the meetings were the heart of their difficulty: "Have they the right to built bonfires *near* my property because they're not *on* it?"

It is not in the court record that the barons tapped their glasses angrily on their palms; or that the miners, leaving court and passing the jail, cheered the barred windows crowded with miners' heads.

The barons' need is to disorganize Somerset, quickly, before the union habit sets. Debarred from intimidating meetings and deporting organizers, they have only evictions and starvation to fall back on. Their plight is pitiful.

They do not urge as their chief need a public investigation of respectable non-unionism. They are not insistent that any national commission to investigate coal should begin with the model non-union mines. Fact-gatherers are eagerly invited to go away. An errant New York newspaper-man was denied all information at the office of the largest company; he was denied admittance to a town by the guards that still keep it non-union. Guards stopping Pennsylvania reporters on the public road showed the spirit: "How the— —did the papers get on to this?" In Judge Berkey's court the barons were most irritated by witness Powers Hapgood, the young miner who had turned organizer a week after the strike began. He had worked in Somerset mines last year; "secretly, a spy" said companies' counsel. Worse, his coal-digging diary had been published, and counsel shot out: "Did this Bureau of Industrial Research which sent you into our non-union mines, did they *know* you were a union man?" The really legitimate question seems to be: can non-union mining stand publicity?

Other questions might be put to the barons' overlords; does non-union mining make more money than union? If so, why? Is it true as asserted, that the coming of the union means revolution in a mining camp; that the men cease to vote as the company bids, cease to buy where the company bids, say things and cease to fear? Are armed guards and non-union coal coincidences or twins? Is there a general policy covering more than Pennsylvania? For example is it true (as the labor papers recount and the news agencies do not) that the same Colonel Hamrock of the state rangers, with the same decrees against assemblies that preceded the Ludlow massacre, is again active in Colorado? Are Somerset, Logan and Ludlow triplets?

And this question for Washington: can a national industry exist one-third slave and two-thirds free?

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German Standards of Living

IT is obviously impossible to picture the standard of living of an entire population. One has to be satisfied with either a description of certain typical characteristics or an examination of general statistics which give a clue to the situation. In the following, both methods are combined to throw a fairly true picture of the standard of living in Germany now as compared with conditions before the war. I shall discuss first, how the total wealth of Germany today compares with that before the war; second, how the distribution of this wealth among the separate classes has changed; third, how the situation of the various classes compares with their situation before the war; and finally, what the consequences of these changes are for German culture.

I.

The war, which was carried to victory in the field but lost at the conference table, has impoverished Germany. That is, the total wealth which the German people have for consumption today is considerably smaller than in 1914. This results from the following facts:

(1) Germany has lost all her pre-war claims on other countries: the goods and securities she possessed abroad have been confiscated, her industrial capital abroad has been sequestered, her merchant marine taken away. Before the war the annual income from dividends and interest from abroad, the profits from her shipping lines, etc., amounted to from one and a half to two billion gold marks. This enabled Germany to get that much goods from abroad without an equivalent in her own goods, which she can no longer do.

(2) Domestic production has been greatly reduced, partly as a result of lowered productivity due to the exploitation of the soil and the mines, and overdevelopment of certain industries and the transportation system during the war; partly as a consequence of the shorter (eight-hour) working day; and partly because of the natural slackening of effort which set in as a result of the war—especially the food blockade—and showed itself in lessened intensity of production. A few figures will illustrate this:

(a) Food. The total cereal crop (in millions of metric tons) was—

	1913	1921
Wheat	3.5	2.6
Rye	10.0	6.7
Barley	3.0	1.9
Oats	8.6	5.0
Total Cereals	25.1	16.2

The decrease in the crop of bread grains alone amounted to 4.2 million metric tons. This falling off has been covered in only small measure by increased imports. In 1920 Germany imported only 0.12 million tons more of cereals than in 1913. There is consequently, in round numbers, four million tons less cereal food to eat than before the war. As for potatoes, the chief popular article of food, the decline is still greater. The potato crop in 1913 was 44 million tons and in 1921 only 26.1 million tons. Here too the deficiency was compensated for only in a small way by increased imports; in 1920—when the crop was almost equal to that of 1921—the imports were only 673,000 tons. The German people has, therefore, only half as many potatoes for its present needs as it had before the war. It is still worse off as regards meat supply. Each head of cattle weighs less than formerly, and fewer cattle are slaughtered. The average total meat production for the four most important classes of meat animals in 1913 and 1921 were as follows: (in double zentners—100 kg.)

	1st Quarter 1913	1st Quarter 1921
Beef	1,980,000	862,000
Veal	379,000	185,000
Pork	3,458,000	1,231,000
Lamb	94,000	40,000
Totals	5,911,000	2,318,00

Germany has therefore barely two-fifths of the pre-war meat requirement. This shortage is not made up at all by imports. It is true that more meat is imported than in 1914, but correspondingly fewer live stock are brought in.

All foodstuffs have decreased in quantity, though no figures can be given. Of sugar, eggs, butter, milk, Germany has only a fraction of the amounts available in 1914.

(b) Clothing. The total production of textiles has fallen off one-third to one-half without compensating imports. For instance, the quantity of raw cotton for manufacture decreased (in round numbers) from 500,000 metric tons in the year 1913 to only 160,000 tons in 1920.

(c) Shelter. Since the beginning of the war housing construction has been almost completely suspended, and repairs and reconstruction confined to a minimum. The German people today, notwithstanding the natural growth of population, has less and worse housing than before the war.

(3) It must also be remembered that out of this greatly diminished volume of goods the German people have to pay an enormous amount to

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the victorious powers as indemnity. The sums demanded as reparations are, as everybody knows, so fantastically high that if they were to be paid, the German people would probably not have a single crust of bread left to eat. In that case, however, Germany could no longer slave for the victors, and therefore the sums the Allies exact always remain within the bounds of possibility. In order to give an idea of the amounts involved in this indemnity I set down the figures of the national budget for 1922. It provides for the following expenditures:

For all needs of the Republic	78.2	billion marks
To meet the requirements of the Versailles Treaty	187.5	" "

II.

Granting what has been said, that the cake the German people has to eat has grown smaller, the question arises: In what proportion is it being divided among the various classes of the population, and what changes, in this regard, if any, have taken place since before the war?

There are indeed a number of tendencies which are calculated to alter the distribution of the social income among the separate classes of the population. These may be enumerated and supported with figures as follows:

(1) The distribution has become more uniform in the sense that the disparity between the lower incomes and the higher has become less. In many respects a leveling has taken place. Thus, for instance, the earnings of skilled and of unskilled wage earners have been brought considerably closer together. The average weekly earnings (in marks) of an unmarried wage earner in the chemical industry in 1914 and 1921 was:

	Unskilled	Skilled
1914	16.8	38.9
1921 (December)	408.	436.8

Thus, while before the war the wages of the skilled worker were to those of the unskilled as 260 is to 100, today the proportion is only 107 to 100. These figures are typical.

This tendency to equality is to be seen everywhere. For example, the salaries of higher salaried employees have not risen so much as those of the middle class salaried employees, and those of the latter not so much as the low salaried employees, so that today the general classes of salaried employees stand much closer to each other in earnings than before the war. The figures for salaries of government employees afford special evidence of this.

If we compare the salaries of government employees, including appointed as well as lower, middle and higher officials, as they were after the regulations of December, 1921, with those of the same classes before the war, we get the following picture, very characteristic of the change in German conditions:

CHANGES IN THE COMPARATIVE EARNINGS OF WAGE EARNERS AND SALARIED OFFICIALS 1913—1921

	1913	1921
Unskilled workers	100.	100.
Semi-skilled workers	125.2	103.4
Skilled workers	159.4	111.3
Lower officials	162.1	105.9
Middle officials	370.9	151.1
Higher officials	625.7	222.3

2. The representatives of the old middle class —artisans and farmers—which it was thought was disappearing, have asserted themselves and claimed a larger part of the social income than formerly, chiefly on the ground that they work more than the salaried classes—more extensively or longer because they are not hampered like capitalistic enterprises by the eight-hour law, as well as more intensively because they work for their own benefit.

3. In general the rural classes have grown wealthier and the urban classes proportionately poorer. The farmers, who produce the necessaries of life, have been put in a position, through the general shortage, to exact monopoly prices for their goods and thereby make more than average profits.

4. In the distribution of income as between intellectual and physical labor, the share received by the intellectual workers has decreased. For example, the share of well-known authors in the proceeds of their books was about 25 percent before the war, while now, even in the most favorable cases, it is only 15 percent.

5. As regards the division between "capital" (or better, capital ownership) and labor, the share of the capitalist has become constantly smaller and that of the worker (in the broadest sense) constantly greater. According to the careful investigation made by Felix Deutsch, the well-known director of the A. E. G., covering 152 corporations, the gross income was divided as follows, at various periods:

	1908-1917	1919-1920
Wages and salaries	87 percent	96 percent
Capital	13 percent	4 percent

These figures are confirmed by the statistics of an association of mining interests in Essen. According to them the earnings of capital in relation to wages and taxes were 14.7 percent in 1914, 10.8 percent in 1918 and 3.7 percent in 1919.

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III.

The third question we undertook to answer was: how the standard of living of the various classes of the German people is related to that before the war. In other words: Have the changes noted above operated to make the position of certain classes better and that of others worse than before the war?

I think the situation is somewhat as follows:

1. The position of no class has improved.
2. The standard of living of a very small upper class and of the lowest class are *the same as before.*
3. The standard of the remaining classes has fallen.

Much is said and written about the unlimited extravagance found in Germany, especially in Berlin. The Entente is continually getting wrought up over this and drawing the conclusion that Germany is in consequence thoroughly able to pay. But this is stupid and based on very superficial evidence. It is true that small groups live in luxury today, and one may draw moral conclusions from this if one wishes. But from an economic viewpoint the only question that can be raised is whether the wealth spent today for luxuries by the few wealthy people is greater than before the war. About this there can be no question. Even the most extravagant dinner today would be more meager in delicacies and poorer in fine wines than before the war. A grande dame du monde (or du demi monde) who had twenty gowns before the war has certainly no more than ten today, and in these there is considerably less cloth than formerly. These things are of course very hard to prove statistically. Nevertheless we have certain figures which serve to confirm this view.

For example, in the past year the number of automobiles for the first time reached the pre-war level. In the beginning of 1914 there were in Germany 60,876 passenger cars; in 1921, 60,966. This included 4,034 cars in government service, against 1,348 before the war, which indicates that the "democratic" régime is more extravagant than the old régime, with its tradition of Prussian simplicity.

Taking the consumption of imported (French) champagne as an indication of extravagance, we find a considerable decline. In 1919, 667,091 bottles of imported sparkling wines were consumed against 994,899 bottles in 1913, a decrease of a third.

I maintain therefore that the wealthy upper class, the "upper ten thousand," does not live better today than before the war, but at best only as well. They belong to those classes whose standard of living has perhaps remained constant—that is, as a social group. The situation is different as regards the individuals who compose this group. These are naturally not the same as before the war. The greater number of the nouveaux riches have come to the front recently, and these individuals live better than before the war, since they do their revelling still in the dark depths of the community. These persons, "quas fortuna e faece tulit," as they were long ago characterized by a writer of the sixteenth century, these parvenus, who are a product of every economic revolution, and out of whom the upper classes have slowly developed since the beginning of modern times—these are therefore the ones, and the only ones, who are absolutely better off than before the war. This class has replaced a considerable part of those who formerly belonged to the upper classes, especially those whose wealth and income suffered badly from the depreciation of currency. How numerous they are can, of course, not be accurately determined.

The second class of the population which as a whole is not much worse off than before the war is the lowest group of unskilled workers. The relative increase in their share of the national income has been great enough so that their absolute real income is not much less than formerly, despite the fact that the total national wealth has so greatly decreased. A careful inquiry by the well-known statistician and economist, Dr. R. Meerwarth, whom I have cited before, has shown that the weekly earnings of the unskilled wage earner in the Berlin chemical industry, with a nine-hour working day, were 27 marks in 1914 and 408 marks in December, 1921. The minimum subsistence cost of living, according to Kuczynski's estimate, was 16.75 and 271 marks at these respective periods. Taking the minimum cost of living at 100, the real wage in the spring of 1914 was 161 and at the end of 1921, 151, only a little less. The standard of living had thus fallen about 6 percent as compared with before the war, but it must be noted that the working day has decreased from nine to eight hours, or 11 percent.

All other classes are worse off than before the war. This is true even of the skilled worker. On paper, it is true, it looks somewhat different; nominal earnings have risen almost in proportion to the depreciation of currency. Thus, for instance, the indices of wage increases for printers were—taking the 1913 figure as 100—1,585 in Hamburg in December, 1921, and 1,608 in Berlin,

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while the cost of living indices were respectively 1,517 and 1,501. It must be remembered, however, that only a small part of the printers are employed at the union or regular rates; the greater number are working at lower rates. Taking only the wages actually paid, it will be seen that the skilled worker today can buy less for his money wages than before the war. According to Meerwarth, the earnings of the skilled worker in the Berlin chemical industry as compared with minimum cost of living were as follows:

	(Cost of Living = 100)	
	Spring, 1914	End of 1921
Single man	232	161
Man and wife	174	110
Family with one child	152	99
Family with two children	135	90

The situation becomes worse the higher one goes, *excluding* the rich upper class, already discussed. The salaried worker is worse off than the skilled laborer. For example, the income of the Berlin bank clerk has increased 8 2/3 to 12 3/4 times for single men and 10 4/5 to 16 1/4 times for married men, in the period 1913 to 1922, while the cost of living index for Berlin in January, 1922 was 1,563, indicating a 15 to 16 fold increase over the pre-war period.

The lower government officials have suffered a loss in standard of living similar to that for salaried workers in private industries. The increase in government salaries from 1913 to the present was over thirteen fold, or less than the increase in the cost of living. By contrast the salaries of middle classes of government officials rose to slightly over eight times the 1913 figure and those of higher officials to slightly over seven times the 1913 figure. These groups have, therefore, been completely declassed: A seven to eight fold rise in earnings together with a fifteen to sixteen fold rise in the cost of living means a decrease of the standard of living by one half. This condition may be regarded as typical for all groups in the upper middle class, especially the so-called educated classes—higher officials, clergymen, professors, etc.

IV.

What do these figures mean for German cultural life? Will Germany be able, despite her absolute impoverishment and the shifting of the standard of living of her social classes, to maintain her life at its former level? What every country ultimately depends upon is its intellectual aristocracy. Will this remain in Germany? Formerly it was drawn from the sons of the nobility, from the intellectual professions and in small measure from the business classes. The danger is that the first two classes will not be able to contribute their part to the development of the intellectual upper class, and that this class may finally be built up out of the third mentioned group. A clergyman, a government official, a professor can now educate at most one son, as against two or three before the war. The deficiency must be made up out of the industrial bourgeoisie. We can only hope that the latter will not be inferior to the previous representatives of German culture. In the last analysis it is not so much a matter of the material situation as of the spirit. If this continues to be imbued with the old idealism, the German people, in spite of, or perhaps because of their impoverishment, can retain their spiritual leadership. And here the well known words upon which the University of Berlin was founded are as pertinent as ever: "The State must restore through spiritual power what it has lost in physical strength."

WERNER SOMBART.

Movies for Statesmen

MY cousin, Cal and I were eleven—twelve for the purposes of the great show, as that was the minimum age of admission. Shows came seldom to the stage in our courthouse auditorium, and when they came everybody went. Cal's parents and mine were there, bending four pairs of severe eyes on us when our camp chairs creaked too audibly; Cal's big brother, Jeff, and his four grown-up sisters; other cousins and aunts and uncles of ours—well, as I said, everybody and everybody's family. The play was Little Millie, the Gambler's Slave. There were five acts, horrific to read about in the laconic program. The name of the leading lady was Anita De Lobelle, in vast black letters on the program over a paragraph in italics declaring that she had been a coadjutor of Della Fox. "Coajewter," we pronounced it. We didn't know what it meant, except that it meant a lot.

We were the first in, Jeff, Cal and I, and we got seats in the front row centre. The stage was on a level with our eyes and, through a narrow lighted gap at the foot of the curtain we could see black masses moving about, to the accompaniment of portentous rumblings. We nearly twisted our heads off, turning our necks to see the audience filing in—as though we cared a whit about the audience—but we were too excited to sit still. Presently Bill, the hostler, came stamping down the aisle with a big tray of little kerosene lamps, which he set up in a row, at intervals of a foot, on the edge of the stage. Even those lights flickered

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with excitement as all the other lights went out and the audience quieted down into a tense silence in which one had to hug his chest to keep from shrieking. And then unseen hands drew the curtain away to both sides, presenting to our dancing eyes the most marvelous greenwood, with a log cabin in the centre middle ground and a rustic bench before it. Appeared from the cabin an old, old man, mumbling about the weather and worrying over the absence of his dear little Millie. Presto, out of the greenwood leaped a Being and plunged herself into his arms. Never was such a luscious beauty. Cheeks red as apples, eyes big and brown under starry lashes of jet; a real silk dress underneath which the curves of her little body undulated revealingly. I don't know how Cal felt, but as for me, I'd have given ten years of my life to be ten years older.

The opening scene was ravishing. We were drinking in the most limpid sentiments, the quaintest endearments in English of the stage, pure and undefiled, "chahnce," "eyther"—how different from our gross dialect. The lover appeared, dressed up to excite the murderous envy of the town beaux, and to turn the hearts of the belles upside down. What sprightly, tender love making! And then the parting, sweet as a spring evening, with just a trace of melancholy. Millie stands pensive, her lips moving, as the stage day darkens by little jerks toward night. She drops on her knees, plump knees, through the silk. In the wooded path to the right a stealthy figure outlines itself. A sinister figure, leering as he emerges into the half light, a pistol in one hand, a rope for binding and a cloth for gagging in the other. From the woods to the left you hear the rich baritone notes of the lover: "Wait for me at Heaven's gate." Little Millie turns her head and holds out her soft arms, in the direction of the sound. The villain shakes with silent laughter, and crouching, creeps up behind her.

"Save her! Save her!" What hoarse voice was that beside me? It is big cousin Jeff, bursting for the first time into man's voice. He is on his feet, brandishing his fists, his cheek muscles knotted, his eyes bulging.

"Sit down, Jeff, you fool!" hiss all the family in unison. Everybody else awakens from his stupor to a shout of laughter. The villain on the stage, after a hard struggle, surrenders to laughter; even Little Millie is forced to hold her sides and is Little Millie no longer, but Anita de Lobelle. The illusion is broken for everybody, but worse than broken for Jeff, who crouches limp in his camp chair, and for all of us implicated with him through kinship. We all knew we should never escape the persecution of outsiders murmuring, "Save her!" under their breath. Jeff might have stolen a pig, blacked his father's eye, mixed up in a premature amour, and we'd have held up our heads under it. We were Americans, resolute to face disgrace, but not ridicule. You may be sure we kept away from shows after that, and from almost everything else, for a long time.

Such tragedies can't occur nowadays, you say. We have a different breed of boys, thanks to the movies. There they have seen about everything done to a heroine that can be done, and have inferred the rest. Listen to the scraps of comment as they issue from the hall, bright eyed, sophisticated. They know a matter of course when they see it.

But let's not be too sure we've entirely passed out of the Jeff stage of development. Not long ago a miracle play was announced, the scene, an Italian city. The rehearsals were going on in the usual disorderly foreign fashion. Anybody could look in on them. Strolling clingingly over the stage were the sweet twins, down on the program as the Franco-British Entente; in the rear of the stage were their respective lovers, a Frenchman with fat cheeks, tiny beard, jealous eyes; an Englishman well fed and suave, with a bubbly craftiness playing over his rosy face. They were rehearsing plots to poison the hearts of the twins against each other. Peace, fair slender maiden, strolled nonchalantly by the kennel where the dogs of war sprang up and strained at their chains. Some links, the program asserted, were almost worn through. Across the stage moved the delicious, innocent maiden, Private Property, eyes china blue, cheeks rose red, lips lipstick vermillion. At the sound of the Angelus she sinks on her plump knees. From the woods to the right slinks up a sinister bearded figure, a sneer on his lips, a dagger in one hand and a bomb in the other. Suddenly a hoarse voice booms out from over the Atlantic, "Save her! Save her!"

For Heaven's sake, who did that? Our big brother, Charles Evans Hughes, upright, brandishing clenched fists, his gray beard bristling with horror, his eyes popping out. Gosh, right in our own family! And so soon after our other long-legged big brother leaped upon the stage at Paris to save the fair maid, Democracy, who turned out to be a wax figure bust mounted on a post. Let's keep our boys away from those rotten foreign shows.

But no, that isn't the solution. Educate them by appropriate movies, movies for statesmen. Film Lloyd George and Wirth hurling imprecations at each other, but shift quickly to a close-up

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of them chuckling over a stein. Film Barthou and Chicherin fighting savagely over the rights of the small French bondholders, but, quick, let us have them close up and amiable, with their lips shaping—"Now, between friends, how about those concessions? How about that loan?" Film the Belgian David smiting the Russian Goliath in the temple with a lethal pebble, but give us an instant glimpse of David's mamma shaping the pebble out of dough. Film the great editor whipping to fury the patriotic opinion of a nation, and film the enchantress at his shoulder saying archly, "You shall have a kiss for that—no, two kisses." Film it all, and then our big brothers can go to the show if they like. We shall not again need to pull our hats down over our flushed faces and slink from the community of men, with "Save her! Save her!" echoing in our hanging ears. ALVIN JOHNSON.

Boston

IV. The Irish in Politics

AMERICAN life never reveals itself more characteristically than in municipal politics. Many of us like to pretend to ourselves that this is not so; that the sort of civilization we exhibit at these times is a deplorable but temporary atavism, just as an individual always believes that his bursts of bad temper, his moments of weakness are not typical of his "true" self. The delusion is as complete in one case as the other.

When we look at Boston to see what has happened to her in these evil latter days, and particularly to see whether the Irish immigrants are to blame for it, an important part of our material must be the political situation. I have already described the condition of balanced power, so to speak, which now exists in the city, with the Irish in control of municipal politics, and with the Yankees still dominant in industry, finance and the city's social life. On the whole, the former are by no means so secure in possession of their part of the field as are the latter. When the Keltic forces stand together, they are sure to win (a circumstance largely due as I have already pointed out to the fact that many of their opponents have their voting residence in nearby suburbs which are outside the narrow limits of the political entity of Boston). However, to persuade several hundred thousand Irishmen to stand together for any length of time is a difficult task. The Irish are born fighters, but not on any soviet system; they must have a leader, and he must lead by virtue of a powerful personality (which may or may not be the reflection of solid character). But this fecund race produces more leaders than are strictly necessary; they disagree among themselves, and their respective followers divide into factions.

Yankee Boston, therefore, lives in the perennial hope that it can exercise the old Roman formula and achieve victory for itself. It must, of course, do more than divide the foe to conquer. It must make peace with one faction to overthrow another. In a mayoralty campaign, for example, the problem becomes one of finding the least obnoxious Irishman and putting him at the head of the Yankee (which is to say, the Good Government) ticket. As the bitterest child of the Puritans must admit, there are plenty of good Irishmen; and of these some have the natural qualities of leadership; and of these some bulk large enough on the political scene to have a good prospect of winning in a contest against another Irishman. The problem of the Yankee becomes that of finding an individual of this calibre who will at the same time be acceptable to the voting remnant of his own group, small but important for the prestige it still has in the eyes of the non-Irish population.

The foregoing generalization, to be sure, gives a tremendously over-simplified view of the facts. Life is never so simple, nor are issues so clear-cut as the journalist makes them. There are all sorts of eddies in the main current which must be counted in. There are important racial minorities —the Italians, the French-Canadians, the Russians, etc.—who affect the result. Boston has elected Yankee mayors often enough, even within recent years. One method has been to run a Yankee and an Irish "straw man" opponent; another, to persuade the Irish to set up half a dozen candidates, all genuine, but so antagonistic to one another that their camp is reduced to confusion. Even while Yankee after Yankee assured me that no one but an Irishman can hope to be mayor in the future, political zeal remains unabated, and enthusiastic plans are made for victory in the next struggle.

For obvious reasons the conflict between races is confined to the political field, with the Yankees in the rôle of aggressor. I have already described the indifference of the Irish to the exclusiveness of

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Back Bay society, and their substitution of their own social hierarchy, which centres largely about the Roman Catholic Church. The business struggle is one where only individual characteristics matter, and the weight of numbers has little effect. So far as I could discover, the Irishman is fairly well content to leave business and finance to the control of the Yankee (and the comparatively small number of Jews who have earned superiority by the exercise of the racial genius). I tried throughout a luncheon conversation to get six average Irishmen to express indignation over the fact that members of their race are confined to the lower section of the economic structure, but in vain. They accepted the fact without question, and with a placid goodwill which perhaps, as I have already suggested, is the result of a deep-rooted disinclination to take upon their own shoulders burdens of that sort.

How complicated is the political scene whereon the Yankee makes repeated charges against the insecure Irish victor, may be seen by a glance at the election of James M. Curley to the office of mayor in the autumn of 1921. The election has been cited as an example of the evil effect of Irish dominance, which has thrust into leadership over a great American city a political adventurer, a man with a prison record.

This is a wild misstatement of the case. Curley was not the protegé of the Irish politicians, nor was he elected by the votes of his own race. He was made mayor because he understood the mind of the people better than did any of his opponents. He was elected as the result of a class conflict which went much wider and deeper than the racial. Thousands of persons voted for Curley in Boston, just as similar thousands voted for Hylan in New York, not because they wholly approved of the man but because they disliked his opponents, for their over-niceness, for the economic power they represented, or for the "high society" which stood behind them.

Those forces in the opposition who sought to damn Curley by stigmatizing him as jail-bird, blundered grievously. It is true that when he was a rising young Democratic politician in Roxbury, some years ago, he impersonated a friend in a civil service examination. News of the exploit got about and, so the Curleyites say, the incident was seized by Republican leaders as a means of putting an end to a promising adversary's career. Curley was tried, convicted and sent to jail for two months. He promptly ran for the Board of Alderman, and was elected while still serving his prison term. His slogan, of course, was "he did it for a friend."

That was the first incident in a career which has included membership in the Massachusetts State Legislature and the House of Representatives at Washington, as well as a previous encumbency as mayor of Boston. In spite of these achievements, however, Curley was opposed by almost every organized political force in Boston when he announced last year that he intended to enter the lists once more. The Good Government forces were, of course, solidly against him; so were nearly all the newspapers; so were both the professional political machines and most of the outstanding individual leaders.

In the beginning he was opposed by four candidates, including Joseph C. Pelletier, District Attorney of Suffolk county, then under charges of mis-, mal- and non-feasance in office (for which he has subsequently been removed); Charles S. O'Connor, a Democrat and a member of the Boston School Committee, but not a man of wide political experience; Charles S. Baxter, a Republican and a veteran in political warfare but not personally strong in the City of Boston, and most formidable of all, John R. Murphy, who was selected by the Good Government group as being the Irishman to split off a large part of Curley's support and with the Yankee vote solidly behind him, perhaps win. Murphy, a brother-in-law of John Boyle O'Reilly and a man of nearly seventy, waged a vigorous fight. Pelletier withdrew ten days before the election, throwing his support to Curley. Baxter and O'Connor developed little strength, and the contest narrowed to something of a duel between Curley and Murphy.

The former won a decisive victory, though by no means such a landslide as Mayor Hylan's in New York. Curley is an effective speaker and his campaign was shrewdly managed. He was aided enormously by a piece of campaign "literature" supposed to have been written by Mrs. Curley, telling why she, the person who knew him best, thought her husband would make a good mayor. Curley's vote was 76,000; he actually succeeded in carrying the home precincts of some of his opponents.

Curley's triumph, as I have said, is a more complicated matter than a mere Irish victory. He was opposed, for example, by state senators Donovan and Green, leaders of "social clubs" of great political power; by Martin Lomasney, the leader of heterogeneous Ward Five, with an Irish-Jewish-Greek population, and by many of the Irish rank and file. Thousands of Yankees voted for him because of the sort of sympathy with an underdog I have already mentioned.

Yet in spite of these complicating factors in the

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election, it is fair to say that Curley's administration is Irish, and that it gives a good example of what Keltic rule is like today in Boston (or any other city), though it is too young to have made any sort of record good or bad. When I talked to the Mayor about his plans and hopes, he proved unexpectedly statistical, narrating with great pride the story of how he was rearranging city contracts to prevent padded cost of excavation; and of his efforts to secure employment on city jobs for ex-service men, thereby escaping the necessity of paying them unemployment doles.

Parenthetically, I might add that Curley, the "lone wolf," is a striking and dominating figure of a man—big, broad-shouldered, handsome, with a well-made head and a solid jaw. He talks sensibly and briefly, and isn't oratorical unless the occasion seems to justify it. I am told that he reads six or seven books a week, specializing in philosophy and history, which seems to suggest that this young Irish politician has concealed about him somewhere a thwarted scholar.—After all, the best educated men are those who have spent their lives seeking to overcome the imaginary handicap of not having gone through college!

Ought we to agree with the Yankees who pour out their bitter scorn on an Irish mayor and find his administration altogether abominable? It is a difficult question. That the Yankee should dislike and distrust the Irishman is natural; one race can never satisfy the spiritual ambitions of another. Yet if we ask for a bill of particulars, if we inquire just why the Irish administration should seem deplorable to persons on the side-lines, it is hard to produce the specific items. I indicated in my third article some of the weaknesses found in Irish administration, not only in Boston, but elsewhere; yet even bearing these faults in mind, it is impossible to look at Boston today and say that her government is any worse than she deserves. For that matter, there is no proof that the bulk of her citizens find it even any worse than they wish.

Moreover, the Yankee has no right to assume (as the party out of power always does) that everything was perfect when he held the reins, and will become so again as soon as he is restored to power. Anglo-Saxon local government has plenty of faults, even though they break out in different places.

Most of the evil things which have befallen Boston in the past few years do not seem to me the result of the preponderance of the Irish and their control of politics. While many of the former police force were Irish, just as are many of the new force, I do not think that had anything to do with the famous strike. Certainly Mr. Ponzi's adventures may not be laid at the door of the Kelt. Neither may the scandalous happenings in the underworld—happenings which after all have found their counterpart with the utmost regularity in every American city that anybody ever heard of.

In general, therefore, one must say that while the Irish administration is unpleasant, from the Yankee's point of view, there is no reason to damn it as being in itself a Menace; or as being on the whole conspicuously worse than the administration of other cities by other races. The one aspect of Boston's recent troubles which perhaps does not fit into this ready generalization is the widespread scandal centring in the offices of the two district attorneys. That is a matter sufficiently complicated and interesting to deserve discussion in a separate article.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Genoa at the Crossroads

EVERYONE has his own diagnosis of the malady from which Europe is suffering. As I watch from a distance the turbulent little ant hill in Genoa, it seems to me that whatever name an alienist might give to the disease, its peculiar symptom is a lively and rapid imagination. That play of fancy has been noted from the beginnings of civilization as an accompaniment of war time. There floats down to me from memories of schooldays a passage in the Acharnians, in which Aristophanes satirized the grotesque ingenuity of Athenian informers and sycophants. It has its mean manifestations and its almost noble disguises. Mr. Lloyd George can supply an illustration of the latter. Everyone is reading today his morning address to American and British journalists. Whether anyone will still remember it when these lines have crossed the Atlantic is rather more doubtful. Let me recall the phrases. He foresees, if we all continue our insane oppressions, the union of an "angry Germany" with a "hungry Russia," and he predicts another "welter" of blood in Europe before his own gray hairs have gone down to the grave. There is something of

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the Keltic druid in Mr. Lloyd George. I sometimes catch a glimpse of him in one of these moods, standing on a Welsh mountain in the attitude of the Welsh bard in Gray's ode:

> Give ample room and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace.

He has vision in these inspired moments, and it is always upon our fears that he plays.

Perhaps it is because I boast no Keltic blood, that my prosaic English mind revolts a little from these prophecies of doom. What is the occasion? The occasion is the conclusion of a treaty between Germany and Russia. Its matter? You may sum up its six brief clauses in one almost evangelical phrase. The two republics have agreed on the mutual forgiveness of debts and injuries. Never in the world's history was a milder document written and signed. Not even the ingenuity of the French can discover anything in its actual provisions which injures anyone else. It wipes out the unhappy past. It also proposes mutual helpfulness as the rule for the future. Perhaps it is because this early Christian mildness, this Quaker charity is so strangely unfamiliar in the Europe of today, that Paris in particular instantly suspected the existence of all manner of sinister secret clauses. There must, we are told, be a lurking military agreement somewhere in the background. It would be just as reasonable on the part of the French to suspect that because we English were the first to conclude a trade agreement with Russia, we also must have made a secret military pact with the Red army. Chatter of this kind is inspired by that mania of persecution which so often accompanies an excess of egoism.

In point of fact, I can think of no two states in Europe less likely to conclude a military alliance at the moment than Germany and Russia. Each no doubt has its little clique of militarists. But is there any cool observer, given a knowledge of the German language and opportunity to talk with Germans or even to read their press, who has failed to realize that defeat drove them into a passionate and almost unreasoning antimilitarism. I am not thinking only of the socialists, though they poll over a third of the nation's votes. I am thinking of a little circle of young men known to me in Berlin, vigorous, sturdy natures, born of Prussian noble families, ex-officers who had served with distinction, liberals of a moderate school in politics, who showed in conversation a horror of the mere idea of another war which you would hardly hear in any country in such outspoken tones, unless from women. The fault of contemporary Germany is not truculence nor a disposition to adventure. Its fault is a tremulous timidity, a dread of taking any active step whatever, the caution of a cowed and beaten people.

Nor is it otherwise with the mass of Russians, though their leaders have audacity enough. I talked with all sorts and classes of men during my visit to Russia in 1920, and from gallant young officers of the Red army up to gray-bearded politicians, I heard only one refrain even then—a weariness of war, a longing for peace so monotonous that I grew tired of listening to it. Everyone understood that Russia could recover her imperilled civilization only by a long period of unbroken peace and unremitting work. An epigram of Karl Radek's sticks in my memory, which has its interest, because among the leaders of present-day Russia, his is the one brilliant unstable temperament which one might suspect of a readiness to play with military adventures. "What foreign policy can we pursue?" he asked. "There is only one possible foreign policy for Russia: a policy which will give us locomotives and ploughs." Whom else will you suspect? Is it Rathenau, the man who signed the treaty? I defy anyone to read even twenty pages of one of his books, and suspect him of the faintest secret leaning to any phase of militarism.

But why hunt for latent meanings in this treaty? Is it a mystery that a power which needs markets and can hardly find them, since every door has a tariff, a power which needs raw material and can hardly buy it with its ruined currency, a power which abounds in industrial skill and the ability to organize, should come to terms with a power which has a hungry, nay a starving market, a power which might teem with raw materials, if it did not itself lack the organizing talent to exploit them? Two bankrupts agree to wipe out their mutual debts. The blind man of La Fontaine's fable helps the paralytic. Why suspect a plot, where all is so obvious and so natural?

Personally I rejoice, because I have always held a heretical view about Russians and Germans. I recall an early moment in the war when Allied propaganda tried to prove that German influence had always been the ruin of Russia. To me that seemed nonsense then, and it has grown more obviously nonsense during each of these eight years. The two national characters are complementary. Through two centuries I believe that the soft Slav nature, emotional, sensitive, but undisciplined and irregular, had derived most of such progress as it had made in material civilization from German sources. One leading cause of the collapse of recent years has been the absence of foreigners and

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especially of Germans from Russia, including of course the native Germans of the Baltic provinces. A German "penetration" now would give backbone to the molluscous structure.

And that, the reader may retort, is precisely what we fear. "You have said it." Then what is the alternative? That Russia should rot without foreign aid? Or that Englishmen or Frenchmen or Americans should do the work of the Germans? They will not do it. They have other open fields, which are closed to the Germans. They tend to go where the unit of currency is somewhat less than a million to the dollar. They will not face the irritations of Russian life, and few of them have the patience to learn the language. No, Russia will be helped by Germany, or she will not be helped at all.

It is not a jealousy to enter this field which explains the irritation so vocal in France, and not wholly without a voice even in England. What has shocked Allied opinion about this treaty, is really the fact that for the first time in three years the Germans have acted. When one casts one's mind back over this period, it is hard to recall a single exception. We have been the hammer: they were the anvil. What had been a great power had become a cipher. She counted for less in Europe with her teeming millions, her advanced industry, her unrivalled science, than the least of the half-barbarous new states. The Serbs by comparison are a power: they have seven times the German army in barracks. It was reckoned, gleefully in Paris, fatalistically in London, that this passivity was permanent, that it would last, if not for a generation, at least for ten or fifteen years, until the Rhineland is evacuated. No one had thought of Germany as a ponderable element in the European balance, a factor which could forward one policy rather than another, an element in anyone's calculations. One recalls one of the characteristic boasts of the fallen Kaiser—that nothing could happen in the world without Germany. We had slipped into the habit of thinking that nothing could happen which she could even remotely or slightly influence. She was a prisoner in the stocks, an untouchable save for our missiles. At last the prisoner has stood erect. She has even made a timid motion. We perceive with indignation that her attenuated limbs will bear her diminished weight.

The case is even worse than this. The Allies, and in particular the French, realized perfectly that the coming together of the two European pariahs was a possible danger. They were not without foresight. The French had even inserted in the Versailles Treaty two provisions designed to keep them forever apart. One of them was the clause which obliges Germany to hand over to the Reparations Commission all her holdings and assets in Russia. That, it was thought, would end her "penetration." The other went even further. It provided that Russia might at some future date claim an indemnity from Germany on the usual Versailles scale. With pensions to be reckoned for the fifteen million men that Russia mobilized, that might have doubled Germany's burden. That of course was intended for the benefit not of Red Russia, but of some restored Tsar.

Now as the date of Genoa approached, these provisions were not forgotten. There was some thought in Paris and even (with quite other motives) in London of reviving them. Some argued that in this roundabout way, Germany might be made to pay Russia's debt to France. Others even dreamed of enlisting the Red army to join with the French in mounting guard over Germany to extract the inconceivable tribute for her. Feelers had even reached out from Paris to Moscow, to sound the disposition of the Russians on this matter. They came, of course, to nothing, and I doubt if they were even seriously meant, but Karl Radek, who spent the latter months of the winter in Berlin, was shrewd enough to play upon the fears which the Germans, servile as they are in an apprehensive pessimism, were foolishly ready to harbor. Thus the Machiavellian design of Versailles to keep the two outcasts divided, actually brought them together. The Russians at the same time were delivered by the treaty from a more rational fear. They dreaded Mr. Lloyd George's international financial consortium. They did not want to be delivered into the hands of the united money-power, which would control them, as a chartered company controls an African colony. By detaching German industry from this nascent monopoly, they have assured their future freedom.

Swift on the heels of this Russo-German portent, another danger to European peace has loomed up from the East. Mr. George, dreaming of a general pact against aggression, has been urgently reminded by the Poles that they have frontiers. Before you tell a neighbor not to transgress your boundary, the line itself must be visibly chalked. Now none of the Allies, not even France, has yet "recognized" the preposterous frontier which Poland claims at Russia's expense. She has defied the League by taking Vilna. She transgressed the Curzon line by some hundreds of miles along all her eastern boundary. Her legal title to East Galicia is no better than her ethnographical claim to it. Again, Russia herself has never in her blackest hour assented to the Rumanian seizure of

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Bessarabia. Poland asks then that these monstrous frontiers shall be sanctified by some general European pact, and this is not the only thorny problem which Mr. George will encounter, when he faces detail. For if the Poles want their frontier fixed, the French prefer theirs fluid. In other words, if they are minded to invade Germany, that must not be reckoned as aggression. The Polish conundrum is not to my thinking so desperate as it looks. The Russians, who despise all nationalism as "bourgeois," are not seriously concerned over the rape of Russian territory by the Poles. It is a pitiable desert, and they have wastes enough on their hands already. Moreover they are shrewd enough to foresee that the more sorely the Poles oppress the non-Polish inhabitants of their borderland, the sooner will there be a sweeping political change in Poland itself. I do not think they will stress this frontier questions (it is the Poles and not the Russians who have raised it) provided they are satisfied in other ways. If they can obtain de jure recognition, and see their way to a loan for the purchase of essential machinery, they will probably be surprisingly amenable on other questions. I hold to my belief in their realism. They place the recovery of Russia itself, of its railways and factories and fields, above every question of frontiers and prestige.

The prospect for Genoa is not desperate—on one condition. That is that the French can be induced to renounce their purely military policy. If they insist on answering this Russo-German rapprochement by an effort to smash both these ruined states over again, if they call for a new military alliance of the west to balance this eastern bond of sympathy and help, then Mr. George's Keltic vision is not extravagant. For though I believe that neither Germans nor Russians are by choice militant, it is obvious enough that by persevering provocation pursued for many years, they may be goaded sooner or later into a real conspiracy of revenge. Neither the Russian nor even the Polish question need stand in the way of peace. Both are amenable to rational treatment, for even the Poles have for some months past been rapidly recovering their sanity. The real danger, the one danger which Genoa must ignore, lies in the occupation of the Rhineland, and in the monstrous indemnity. No pact, not even drastic disarmament, will achieve anything while these perils stand. Dare I add, at the risk of obtruding on the repose of your continent, that I doubt our ability in Europe to solve these two peculiar problems, until the official national voice of America itself speaks plainly?

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Antioch Idea at Work

MR. ARTHUR E. MORGAN, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, is chief engineer of the great flood-prevention works now being completed in the Miami Valley. He is similarly engaged at Pueblo, Colorado, and he has been associated, as engineer, with more than a hundred other projects of water control.

While thus rounding out a career that necessitated thinking in terms of millions of dollars and thousands of workmen, Mr. Morgan wrote a book, Education—a Mastery of the Arts of Life, and with various other Ohio business men started a school at Dayton—the Moraine Park—in which some of his theories were tried out. And about a year ago he and his associates acquired Antioch College at Yellow Springs, and Mr. Morgan, as the chief exponent of what has since been talked about as "The Antioch Idea," became its president.

A rather unusual sort of engineer, it will be observed, combining large affairs with a certain amount of speculative thought, and interested in building not only dams and canals but good citizens.

Now imagine, if you please, an American of this type, not necessarily Mr. Morgan, but any "big" man of business or industry, casting about in his mind for the best method of preparing his son to take up his father's responsibilities and continue his leadership. Should he merely "go to college" in the usual way, or to some technical or engineering school?

In the first case he will soak up a certain amount of miscellaneous "culture" and after four pleasant and rather detached years, beat about for several years more trying to adjust himself to actual life. At the technical school he will get less "culture" and more special knowledge, but a good deal of the latter will come from books and he will be almost as awkward, on emerging from college, at handling himself and other men and taking hold of the executive and administrative work for which he is presumed to be fitted.

Why not, therefore, arrange to combine "life" and "college?" Spend five weeks in the class-room and five weeks at work in a shop or office or on a farm? Listen to lectures on sociology and economics and then go into a steel works or motor factory and become a part of the stuff of which these studies are made? Study business administration and then clerk in some store, or run your own little shop on the college campus? Study biology and physiology and physics and then go to work tending cattle and raising corn? Study Eng-

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lish and history and psychology and get a job somewhere teaching school?

This is the Antioch Idea, or at any rate part of it, and it has been in practice at the Ohio college since the beginning of the present college year. By putting two students on each outside job and thus dividing the college into two groups which alternate their class-room and outside work the outside employers get continuous service and students can earn at least part of their way as they go along.

The scheme is not entirely new—it is has been used successfully in technical schools, but at Antioch its field is a good deal broadened. The college is coeducational. The "cooperative" work is intended to prepare for engineering and machine-shop management, education and journalism, retail-selling and accounting, manufacturing and farming, and the class-room work is intended to supply the "cultural" background needed by those likely to become themselves administrators and executives.

One can imagine Mr. Max Beerbohm—to take a somewhat extreme example of the Oxford tradition—shivering at such a prospect. Many of the young non-conformists who recently examined American civilization with such dire results (one of them, as it happens, Dr. Hendrik W. van Loon, is teaching history and economics at Antioch at the present moment) would doubtless suffer scarcely less poignantly.

"We're tired of all this utilitarian education!" one hears them cry. "Why can't Americans be as hungry for speculative ideas as the Russians, as keen as Germans for learning for learning's sake? These industrial captains bore us! How much more truly civilized is some wise and witty, urbane and charming Anatole France!"

The point of view is understandable, and were the Antioch Idea put forward as a final answer to all the criticisms of American university education, objection to its utilitarianism would be pertinent enough. Mr. Morgan and his associates on the Board of Trustees, whether active business men like Mr. Verity, of the American Rolling Mills Company, or interested onlookers like Mr. Ellery Sedgwick of the Atlantic Monthly or Mr. Edwin Gay of the New York Evening Post, have not, I take it, anything of the sort in mind. They are merely trying to make a dent in the more or less petrified hide of American university education, and in a small way, in one small corner, try the experiment of hitching a few hundred undergraduates, who have themselves a pretty clear idea of what they want, a little closer to contemporary life.

Mr. Morgan, himself, is interested in the development of comparatively "small" independent industries by "well educated men of comprehensive outlook and general capability. If a school trains selected men by actual commercial and professional experience as well as academic study in the fundamentals of human relationships, of scientific principles and of business and professional methods, with the aim of making the proprietors of small industries, it will have put these men on an open road to accomplishment, limited only by their individual capacities."

Such a "small" proprietor (small, in the sense that he had taken one corner of a staple industry and developed it enormously on his own hook) was visiting Antioch while I was there—a type of business man as unconventional in his way as Mr. Morgan was in his.

A Harvard man, with a down-East accent that suggested generations of association with the Sacred Codfish, he was nevertheless sending his two daughters out to this Ohio village instead of to the orthodox college or finishing hothouse. And he had built up a business of something like $15,000,000 a year while pursuing such advanced methods of factory and labor management that he was described by some of his less flexible neighbors as "Bolshevik."

The trouble with Harvard, he said—"and Eliot agrees with me!"—was that it was too much tied to obsolescent standards. The sort of stuff they had taught him, at any rate a good deal of it, had nothing to do with life actually being lived in America or any other sort of life—it was mere cataloguing of what other folks had written or felt or done. "The sort of thing an English curate wants to know so that he won't stub his toe when he's out to tea. Whether the pre-Raphaelites came before or after the post-Impressionists or . . . You know what I mean!" . . . If it hadn't been that he had run the glee club while in college, he said, he never *would* have had any training for his life work.

Well, this point of view is also understandable, whether one wishes to be an industrial proprietor or not, and in the three rather mellow old brick buildings at Yellow Springs, where Horace Mann was first President in 1853, and in various industries round about, you may see it being put into practice.

The two hundred and fifty odd boys and girls who are doing the first year's pioneering seem about like undergraduates elsewhere, if with somewhat clearer notions of what they are driving at. This they have to have, for in place of the usual admission examinations, they must fill out exhaus-

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tive questionnaires and tell pretty definitely what they are, wish and think. One young man wrote:

> I like to do things by schedule. I study by schedule; when I was working, I worked by schedule; I play by schedule. In this way I can more easily find time to do everything I wish to do . . . I have tried to cultivate the idea of looking at a thing from the top down, or in other words I first try to see the "big idea". . . My efforts are all directed toward one end, that of being at the head of an accounting department or the manager of an auditing organization. There is no guess whatever in my mind as to what I like best. I love accounting work and anything that pertains to the world of business . . . I do not *think, I know* I can succeed in this course (industrial organization and management) and I am willing to *work*.

Less terrifyingly definite was the breezy New England girl, daughter of a Vassar mother and a Yale father, who told how she had once tried being a farmerette, and again gone to work as a maid when an acquaintance of theirs couldn't get another one, had swum a half mile in twenty minutes in 1919 "and wasn't sure whether she wanted to be a missionary or an interior decorator, a social worker or a landscape gardener, a florist or a domestic science worker, or even a farmer".

> You see I am in a fix, because I like to do so many things and the world is so big and I don't know just what to choose. That is one reason why I want to come to Antioch, because I feel that you can help me to find myself . . . I have thought I should like to be an artist not an illustrator, but a designer of wall paper or even perhaps of jewelry. I have good eyes and a true hand and also a keen appreciation of design and color and knowledge of the relationship of one to the other. Of course the work would have to be done indoors and I am not especially keen about that. Therefore landscape gardening is perhaps the thing for me . . . .

Another girl, the motherless daughter of foreign-born parents, who had supported herself since she was sixteen (she was teaching a country school at the time) and fought for every bit of education she had, wrote that "it is beyond me to express in words what this opportunity would mean to me." A husky young man from a sophisticated home had adventured as cow-boy, Adirondack guide, swimming instructor and Boy Scout leader and never quite found his niche. "His driving-gear is above the average," said one of his references, "all he needs is to get his steering-gear adjusted." There were all sorts.

All applicants were warned that lame ducks were not wanted at Antioch, that pioneer conditions must be expected for the present and that only those should come who were ready to tackle them. Present industrial conditions have made the application of the cooperative plan of education more difficult than it would be in more normal times; the local industries—a printing plant, for instance—which the college itself hopes eventually to establish, are not yet available, and yet jobs of one sort or another have been found for everybody. One undergraduate in a personal letter writes:

> The cooperative plan is like a mirror and the college a measuring-stick. You see your true image and your measure in individual worth in the practical field. This may hurt, but it is one of the only true ways to see your size and watch your growth.

A girl student who explains that one great advantage of the cooperative plan is that "just as soon as you begin to get tired of studying you change and go out into the world of practical affairs," and says, "I know I have found what I want," adds:

> One suggestion that I might make is that the artistic side of life be stressed a little more. Of course it is hard to keep the proper balance between the practical and the artistic. But I'm hoping that this will come as we become more stabilized.

Some such notion would doubtless occur to most outsiders observing Antioch. The mere following out of the cooperative plan, with its need of making good in some concrete job, will of itself sufficiently accent practicality and the business of getting ahead. This experience is constantly supplemented, moreover, by the personality of President Morgan and of the active men of affairs on the Board of Trustees. The conventional undergraduate would not often hear, for instance, as part of the day's work, talks like the two I heard while visiting Antioch on factory organization and labor management—intimate, crackling talk from the heads of two huge industries, men not merely "practical," but liberal and humane, and representing the application to business and industry of the best sort of American intelligence and constructive idealism.

The air at Antioch will be full of this sort of leadership. It will come in the nature of things for Antioch is in the centre of a highly industrialized neighborhood many of the leaders of which are interested in the experiment. To get the other, and more distinctly intellectual, sort of leadership—toward beauty and truth and the broader, more permament realities—will not come so easily.

Yellow Springs must be an attractive old town on a summer evening—("But you ought to see us in June, when the trees are out!", as we say in the

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Middle West)—and Mr. Tarkington could write you a charmingly sentimental story about just such a place.

It is small, however, and remote, and not very exciting, and the gloomy Mr. Sherwood Anderson, after wading through its pasty, yellow, late-winter mud, would similarly oblige with one of his dismalest studies of mental starvation and emotional inhibition. Each to his taste.

The point is that men of ideas and imagination and the teaching gift will not be likely to want to stay in such a place, at the wages a small college can afford to pay, unless they, too, are strongly possessed of the pioneer spirit, in several senses of the word. There are such, however, and one of the tasks of Antioch will be to get them.

ARTHUR RUHL.

CORRESPONDENCE

How the Irish Can Help Ireland

SIR: Will you let me stress the fact that the American friends of Ireland, and particularly Irish Americans, have just now the opportunity to perform a signal service for their kin across the sea if they will suppress their impatience at what some of them consider the inadequacy of the Free State arrangement and give it their unstinted support; for to whatever extent some of us may hold a dominion status to fall short of what is due the Irish, and however much we may desire that the liberty which it recognizes shall some day be increased, the arrangement has been entered into by the accredited representatives of Nationalist and Catholic Ireland, and it relieves the island from the darker and more detestable things in a régime which the Irish and the world at large declared to be insufferable. Nothing but chaos and renewed bloodshed can come from dividing by internal section the Ireland which has entered upon the new experience—nothing but chaos and bloodshed and the despairing acceptance by mankind of the belief that the Irish themselves make the problem of their political life insoluble. Like Robertson of Brighton, "I will not here enter into the question whether seven hundred years of English misrule have so darkened all hope in the Irish breast" as to make it incapable at present, like any crushed and mutilated thing, of any concerted act save that of striking blindly at the hand that wounds it; but I assert that this attitude is neither inherent in the Irish nature, nor had it any place among the Irish of history in the free pre-Norman time. If evidence were needed to convince us of the beneficence of Ireland's great endurance in the recent period, it might, I think, be found in the fact that the spectacle of her heroism has already nerved the Egyptians to free themselves from all but the shadow of British rule, and is steadily so nerving India.

The Irish Free State has, however, other difficulties to confront in connection with the new departure—difficulties which are economic, educational, industrial, fiscal, social, and to some extent religious—in which men and women in the United States who are of Irish blood have the opportunity to render it an inestimable service. If only here and there a young Irishman or a young Irishwoman who has found in the United States not only freedom from oppressive rule, but opportunity for material self-advancement, such as comes slowly in their native land, would go back and spend a year or two in communicating to their countrymen something of that power of political self-control and that freedom from the forms of ancient fear which flows naturally from participating in our wider continental life, I believe the benefit to the Irish, and so to the world, would be incalculable. Indeed one wishes it were in one's power to place in every village and hamlet in Ireland a young Irish American woman such as one meets in offices and school-rooms and behind bank counters and in book-stores and hotels, that she might be to the young Irish women of today what already they are rapidly becoming, and lend a helpful and steadying hand in the reconstruction which is under way. I speak particularly of Irish American women partly because women in the classes I enumerate seem to be freer than the corresponding men to engage in such an adventure, and partly because of the tact and sympathy with which they are naturally endowed.

But there is a further task which the presence of so large a number of men and women of Irish blood in this country would seem to impose upon some of us; and that is the task of delivering the Ireland of the past from the sinister standing in which, by the persistent misrepresentation of Irish history by Englishmen, it has been placed. In this task we who are not of Irish blood or of the Catholic faith may well take our proper part. It will probably be news to the children in our grammar schools and the students in our high schools, if not also to most of the matriculants in our colleges and universities, that the Irish *have a history second in interest and value to that of but three or* four of the races which have inhabited the globe, and that their scholars and missionaries were carrying the Christian gospels and the learning of the ancient world, and founding monasteries and schools, from the Shannon to the Dnieper and from Iceland to to the Numidian sands, at a time when the English were without an art or an achievement, or even a common tongue.

To present the story of this earlier Ireland before American audiences of every sort would seem to be a legitimate task for such of us as possess the requisite chivalry and the leisure to unearth and reproduce the facts.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

Oakland, California.

A Young Girl's Diary

SIR: In the review of A Young Girl's Diary, published in your issue of April 26th, is the following statement: "So far not one women has come forth to deny the universality of little Rita Lainer." To this I take exception, inasmuch as I know more than one woman whose protests have been refused space in certain American periodicals.

May I hope that the New Republic will print my own?

With Freud I agree so far as to admit that Rita's mental reaction toward sex matters is all too common among young girls of her age; but I do strenuously object to calling her reactions normal. The mother of today whose daughter goes through Rita's mental experiences has herself alone to blame. She has allowed a healthy, natural curiosity to become a morbid passion through lack of normal satisfaction.

I know it to be true—from innumerable experiences with children to whom the facts of life have been explained early enough—that in the child's mind where curiosity is lacking, there is a natural, wholesome attitude toward sex matters; nor does the entire subject hold the centre of the stage, where curiosity has been forefended. Indeed, the pages of A Young Girl's Diary prove in themselves that sex interest slackens as curiosity becomes appeased.

Then why cannot mothers be the first to get to the minds of their children with this knowledge which the children must and will have at whatever cost?

When I speak of explaining the facts of life "early enough," I mean not at ten years, nor at eight or thereabouts,—but at the earliest moment when the child's mind begins to question. I know children who were told the story of human birth at three years,—and even at two. If a young mind is capable of forming a question, it is capable of receiving an honest answer, given of course in an assimilable form. The story of fatherhood, that bugbear of so many parents, I have seen told to four-year-olds in a way that will forever disarm curiosity on this point.

The very young child lives in a world of wonders. All about him are the stars, the flowers, the waves on the shore, the winds, the rain, the snowflakes, the birds, and his own pet animals. Into this world, babies fall quite naturally; and the story of their advent and origin merely takes its place beside that of all other natural phenomena,—as indeed it should.

I have heard children of from five to eight years discuss with their parents, over the breakfast table, the breeding of a pet pony,—the earliest possible date for mating their Angora cat with a neighbor's,—the spaying of a beloved puppy,—and similar subjects, in a manner absolutely free from all taint of perverted

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sex interest, and with a truly scientific detachment. These were of course children whose questions had been answered fearlessly, as soon as asked, regardless of the youth of the questioners.

Can you imagine Rita talking over these matters with her family, as table conversation?

It may be thought that great courage is needed to give sex information to the very young. But, indeed, it is the easiest time. When sex consciousness has awakened, then the deferred conversations do become difficult.

Let mothers seize the early years. Let them answer honestly the little sisters' questions about the new babies, and save their daughter's minds from the sex obsession of the pitiable Rita.

GRACE POWER BEMENT.

Deerfield, Massachusetts.

The Bandwagon

THEY'RE WEARING THEM LONGER NOW

"It was a great lesson in acting," she said, "to observe how the people acted when they met the president, for Mr. Harding asked us to be seated in his executive offices while he received. Of course, they were all excited, as we were. In fact, my knees were shaking, though I tried to conceal the fact under what I hoped was a calm exterior."—*Syndicated Interview with Lillian Gish.*

HOW THE OTHER HALF GIVES

One of the largest and most brilliant social events of the season was the Sunrise Ball last night at the Hotel Ambassador for the benefit of the Help-Men-to-Help-Themselves organization. This is the association formed by many well known New Yorkers to establish stations throughout the city where unemployed men may get a bath and a shave without cost. The idea is that they will be better able to obtain work by presenting a more attractive appearance.—*The New York World.*

SHAKING HANDS WITH BANKRUPTCY

The conference has been successful at least in exposing the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the Russian representatives. They have but one idea, and that based on denial of the right of property. But the right of property is more for social than individual benefit, and Russia should be quarantined pending her perception of this. That would not prevent trading with Russia.—*The New York Times.*

RESEARCH WORK

OREGON. Arthur Burr, Negro porter, was seized by armed men upon his release from jail at Jacksonville on March 14th after serving a sentence for intoxication, and taken to Siskiyou mountain, where a band of masked men threatened to hang him unless he told where he obtained liquor in Medford. He was finally released with the warning to leave the state at once under penalty of death.—*Bulletin of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

AN EXCHANGE OF PUNTS

There would be no talk in the Democratic Party of a Presidential boom for the Mayor of New York if the Democratic Party were not suffering from a serious shortage in leadership.—*The New York Tribune.*

That is one explanation. Another is that after viewing the spectacle now presented in Washington Mayor Hylan decided that a country that would stand for that would stand for him.—*The New York World.*

The Tragic Goose-Step

LAST autumn toward the end of November I saw a matinée of poetic plays, or rather scenes from them, given by a group of young actors at a certain theatre. The plays were Elizabethan, scenes from Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher and the somewhat later Otway. There was a separate director for each dramatist represented.

I arrived late, ten minutes or so. And as my eye lighted on the scene I saw that a dialogue had just closed; the lady stood in the middle of the stage and the gentleman was in the act of departing, moving toward a door in the wings. My attention was at once caught by his unusual movement. His hips seemed at each step to congeal themselves, to become rigid, and from this rigid pivotage the leg shot out toward the floor, a straight, inflexible line. And as the heel of each foot struck the floor, the impact registered in the hip above it and the whole body made a solemn vibration of resistance to the trodden earth beneath. The nostrils, too, grew firmer.

I watched the various scenes. The young ladies in them seemed to have little idea at all of what was to be done. You got the general impression that if one wears a snood like a lady of Marlowe's time, one must have a rosebud mouth and a virginal, versified cast of countenance. The artistic creed set forth most strongly seemed to be a demonstration of the fact that the human body looks well enough without stays after all, and that if one stands a little sway-backed in a long white robe with a slanting girdle or rope of pearls around one's waist and dropping between one's knees, one can indicate a creditable enough figure of a woman. As for the verse, that was spoken as fortune willed, smoothly, ravingly, chantingly, stertorously or in a sublime calm above all mere meaning. But the step was everywhere, the getting across the stage was always the same, and no artist failed to register its measured delays and stalking rhythm. To that extent at least the entire afternoon was uniform.

At last it was clear to me what this stride was about; this tragic goose-step, so inexplicable otherwise, meant that we were acting poetry. It was the gait of immortality, the ritual of bardolatry. And then I realized how well it might serve as a symbol for most of the trouble that blocks the way of our poetic drama.

In our theatre the minute we recognize that a thing is poetry we make something separate of it. We give the poetic a sort of worship; which means, as Bernard Shaw said once of heroes, that everybody bows down to it and nobody does its will. To do the will of poetry is to take it naturally.

But we Anglo-Saxons are a great race for setting things apart, for separating them from our plain and usual tracks. Even religion we tend to separate from us. The spirit of it may be in our daily living, but the expression, the celebration of it, and especially its more formal celebration, we set off to itself. We carry no chickens, ducks or vegetables into church with us.

Whereas in Italy or in Spain people come into the church as they might cross a street. There is no change in the natural habitude of that more serious region. They kneel, if they are simple folk, with their baskets at their sides, and watch the heart-shaped candle flames on the altar ahead of them, the incense rising in the dusk, the motions of the priest, the vestments, the music, the words repeated over and over. And they know that this is only another department of life, in no way different from the rest, a part of

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our natures needing expression. They know that here these motions and the mood of this ceremony become formal and graver only because it is natural so to the thing expressed; that the remoteness of the expression is there only because of the remoteness and the simplification of our thought and spirit in this more ultimate region of the day's living.

And so in poetry. Acting poetic plays in our theatre is a kind of going to church, as we use the word, with all the awe, particularity, tedium and unfrequentedness implied. The very legs of those autumnal actors were stiffened with this poetic specialty, this apartness of verse; and the throats routed. But in Spain the audience scarcely knows when the play is prose and when it is verse, or when, as happens there so often, the same play passes back and forth from one to the other. Every year around Halloween in Madrid Zorilla's Don Juan Tenorio is given for five nights in all the principal theatres. And there is no actor in it but goes from prose to verse and back again without batting an eyelash and with the utmost naturalness. And in Italy the same audience and the same actors experience the gorgeous poetry of D'Annunzio or the beautiful, warm marble quality of Morselli and the realism of Giacosa and Marco Praga without any specalizing whatever. And so with them the realm of poetry is ventilated, is healthy and natural.

In our theatre the health and the possibility of creating and of acting poetic drama lies in our understanding one fact: that there is no difference in kind between what we call poetic and what we call prose. No difference in kind. We may have arrangements obviously, genres if you like, in verse or in prose. But on the whole they are related to each other, the poetic and the prosaic, exactly as the moments of life are related to each other. In life, for instance, we have particular moments of deep feeling, say, or suspense. We do not separate these, hold them compartmentally off to themserves. What happens is a gradual heightening, an intensification of our beings. The pulse concentrates its stroke, it is quicker or it seems almost suspended; but its existence is deepened and made more compulsive. The body increases its life, it moves toward more complete unity. The mind is charged with a vaster region in which it dilates and seems to breathe a wider air. The whole of us, mind, body, spirit, is driven toward a simplification, a oneness. We draw more easily and luminously a radiance from ourselves and from the life of the world that we have shared. And though all this may happen in a graver or a slighter mood, the point remains the same. And that is what the poetic is, then, in our existence. It differs in no way generically from prose, exactly as the moments of a life do not differ in kind but only in completeness from one another. And that is what the poetic is in the art of the theatre. The rhythm, the word, the incident do not essentially change. They are only driven down into their inmost substances. By a heightening in vitality they are simplified; and through that at the same moment they are made more subtle. They become more accurate. They become truer to the experience expressed.

And for an actor or a producer when these plays are presented, what ought to happen means not necessarily any change in method. Even in Racine, to take an extreme case, the method changes only in the sense that it fits itself to an accepted and confessed conventionalization of idea and form. But in the poetic drama as we have it in English, most of it, all that need happen is what happens in our lives: where the intensity and accuracy of effect approaches a larger and simpler order or a more passionate ornament in beauty and imagined grace, there the gesture, the delivery, the expression, follow. Even in the reading of verse the same holds true; there is no distinct method implied or necessary. Verse requires a better use of the tongue, the lips, the sense of tempo, the vocal tone, only because of its greater accuracy to the meaning. Good verse follows its content exactly. It is in form precisely true to its sense. To read it, then, requires no ramping about like he-muses marching to Parnassus, no startled reverence, but only an increased exactitude.

But for a sudden break to come into the actor's life, into his brain, his spine, his knees, his throat, his soul, when he hits this poetic phase of dramatic experience is for him to falsify the thing he undertakes. The only reverence worthwhile in art is not one that jerks the legs about, blows up the lungs and gets the soul on a high-horse. It is a reverence that, once under way, is scarcely conscious of itself save for the quiet amplitude or the beautiful ease or absorbing intensity or passion or elevation or clarity or spacious precision that has come into the moment.

STARK YOUNG.

Epitaph

For this she starred her eyes with salt
And scooped her temples thin,
Until her face shone pure of fault
From the forehead to the chin.

In coldest crucibles of pain
Her shrinking flesh was fired
And smoothed into a finer grain
To make it more desired.

Pain left her lips more clear than glass;
It colored and cooled her hand.
She lay a field of scented grass
Yielded as pasture land.

For this her loveliness was curved
And carved as silver is:
For this she was brave: but she deserved
A better grave than this.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Harvest Dust

The road is burnt to dust, like more dust meadow rue
  Smokes in the meadow. Berries are balanced to fall
At a cowbell's echo. Apples will soon be over, nothing is left to do
  For the trees but to crook their elbows on the wall.

In the farmhouse doorway a woman husking corn
  Droops to where, softer than children's hair, a yellow heap
Of the silk fondles her hand. Under her eyes her face is as worn
  As the stone steps where she sits and has fallen asleep.

What is it all for? Why must the earth crack
  Over and over beneath this searing breath?
Only that apples be ambers and berries black,
  And women content and wearied unto death.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Books and Things

TO be the ideal reader of any book, no matter which, is a pleasant light exercise for the muscles of fancy. Particularly pleasant when the book is such a good one as Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker's Young Boswell (Atlantic Monthly Press. $3.50). I would suggest that one if its ideal readers is I.

Thirty-five years ago I read, in Napier's edition, The Life of Johnson and The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, footnotes and all, as beseemed that thirstier and more patient age. Several times since then have I read them from beginning to end. The Life, on Oxford India paper, taking its wonted place under the pillow of my upper berth, goes into the country with me May after May. My family will testify that I am likely, at any moment, to retard business or to break in upon pleasure by reading Boswell aloud.

Yet never, although always intending and intending, have I tapped any source of knowledge except the Tour and the Life. Boswell's Account of Corsica, with Memoirs of General Paoli, is still unread. So are Birbeck Hill's notes. There cannot be many readers who have allowed an interest equally lively and durable to continue in this state of arrested development. Few who read Mr. Tinker's book with a charmed sense of old places revisited, old acquaintance renewed, can have at the same time my "practically virgin" mind. I have been reading Young Boswell at leisure and absorbed, not knowing unless Mr. Tinker tells me which parts of his book have long been accessible, and which are new material that he with his explorer's luck and his explorer's skill has brought to light. Boswell's adroit stalking of Rousseau delights me, and also the quick-stepping procession of Boswell's affairs of the heart. These things, I believe, are Mr. Tinker's greatest finds.

In his engaging pages I wish for no change, except that he remove, from his second edition or his third, a few vestiges which make one suspect that a desire to improve the occasion has passed that way. "And now note the skill with which youth goes at the management of parents"—that is the kind of thing I mean. As who should say, Here are lilies; let me give them a touch of gilt. But the traces left by this tendency are few.

The real service that Mr. Tinker has done his hero is of a kind that James Boswell would not, and that Alexander Boswell would, have resented. It consists in telling things unknown before, and in setting them, for our greater ease, among things known already to everybody who knew all that was knowable about Boswell's life and art. Yet the greatest of Boswell's benefactors is neither Mr. Tinker, nor Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, nor even Birbeck Hill. Macaulay is still the greatest.

In 1831, in his review of Croker's edition of the Life and the Tour, Macaulay made his mistake about Boswell, made it with such clear-cut grossness, in colors so high and so crude, that it has become the mistake of mistakes, to be looked at respectfully on account of its size, not at present to be repeated or imitated. Dull must he be of soul who can read Macaulay without the will to dissent, to have another look at James Boswell, to see him under some one of the natural lights which play, more mercifully and more revealingly than any of the garish lights Macaulay could turn on, upon the stricken children of this world.

Macaulay expounded his theory of Boswell with that "stamping emphasis" under which, as Lord Morley has said, we "wince." Macaulay—imperishable warning to all who seek effect at any price—tried to account for genius by saying that no beatings, however severe, could keep Boswell out of the ring. People were always knocking him out: "How tipsy he was at Lady Cork's one evening, and how much his merriment annoyed the ladies; how impertinent he was to the Duchess of Argyle, and with what stately contempt she put down his impertinence; how Colonel Macleod sneered to his face at his impudent obtrusiveness; how his father and the very wife of his bosom laughed and fretted at his fooleries; all these things he proclaimed to all the world, as if they had been subjects for pride and ostentatious rejoicing." In Boswell's case, according to Macaulay, genius was an infinite capacity for taking the count.

It has not been sufficiently remarked—as we all say when about to say something more than usually obvious—it has, perhaps, not been sufficiently remarked that Boswell united the behavior of a thick-skinned man with the perceptions of a thin-skinned man. "You may estimate your capacity for Comic perception," says George Meredith, "by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less; and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes." Boswell could not accept the correction of himself proposed by his ridiculous image in dear eyes, but he could see that image in friendly eyes and hostile. Other men have kissed the rod and profited by it. He, never profiting, painted portraits and made thumb-nail sketches and took snapshots of the men and women who laid it on. Summon up, if you can, the moment when your dentist has hurt you most. Also the moment when you most relished the differentia which marked this dentist a unique specimen of his unique class. Conceive these two moments to be one and the same, and you will have some notion of a state of mind which must often have been Boswell's, and which helped him to repeat his special miracle of breathing the breath of life into faithful reports of real life, usually such inanimate things.

Boswell was able to detect the ridicule of those he loved not only without loving them less, but also without lessening them, in his eyes or ours. He anticipated our modern feeling that no man can be great who is inhumanly and smoothly without blemish. I haven't read Mr. Bok's Antobiography yet. I am saving it for the day when I wish to cure myself of overestimating man's sensitiveness and of underestimating man's cheek and self-complacency. At second hand, from book reviews, I gather that Mr. Bok, who unites the behavior of a thick-skinned man with the perceptions of a man whose skin is thicker, is no Boswell.

I doubt if Boswell would have availed himself of Mr. Bok's opportunity. I am not certain he would have seized Mr. Tumulty's. Perhaps, if Boswell had lived in our day, he would not have been a biographer at all. Perhaps the dailies would have laid hands on this, the perfect interviewer. Even those talents which Macaulay thought it death not to hide would have tempted Boswell away from biography. Most of all, perhaps, the talent for going where you are not wanted and for staying there until you get what you want. The Eminent Uninsurable, because eminently unapproachable, would have raised his portcullis, would have lowered his drawbridge, at the fortieth blast upon Boswell's bugle. Among the great men who were writing the most insurance his name would often lead all the other names, whether gentile or the reverse. He would succeed where others had failed. He would coax and wheedle into the same room men who had been refusing to meet, and whose meeting would bring peace after industrial war, industrial calm after storm. P. L.

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The Twilight of the Moralists

Human Nature and Conduct. An Introduction to Social Psychology, by John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

THERE continues, out of the esoteric tradition of Christian Europe, a high argument which is called Ethics. Its theme is the nature, conduct and destiny of man, and certain eternal laws which govern them. Its professors and initiates have been persons of peculiar consequence in the economy of civilization, persons often of priestly caste, always somehow of priestly status, avowed enemies of the natural tide and flow and contingency of the daily life, of the spontaneous junctures, clashes and adjustments of the behavior of mankind and the goods and evils therein generated and worn out; secure champions of a hidden overruling law, principle, standard, conscience or ideal Right, Good or Obligation, single and unchanging and ineluctable, to conform to which they declare to be true goodness, to deviate from which, true vice. Ethics is regarded as the revelation and elucidation of this hidden eternal Good. In the hierarchy of the philosophic and religious disciplines its station is that of a "normative science," setting measures for mankind. From its preconceptions the significance of any item of conduct is to be deduced and its value adjudged, without further ado. In their light the morality and immorality of conduct is a foregone conclusion, predetermined and immutably implied. Ethics acknowledges the pertinence of neither the individual's daily life nor of racial experience. Its Good is eternal; its Right everlasting; the moral order is an absolute and static order which the conduct of man either conforms to and realizes or does not. The relationship between such a view of conduct and a society in which the Few rule and the Many obey is obvious. It is a projection in dogma and dialectic of the situation that obtains in fact. It sanctifies and perpetuates authority; it discourages reflection and inspires casuistry. As it falsifies the realities of life and behavior it opens and sustains a chasm between moral theory and moral practice. It consecrates that chasm as a duplexity in human nature itself; and it attributes to one side of this duplexity, as to an original, essentially incurable depravity, any doubt, challenge or rejection of its standards and norms. Even the more empirical of the moralists, like the Utilitarians, are involved in this duplexity. Even their profoundest and most passionate critics, like Nietzsche, who seek to get beyond good and evil altogether, invoke it. The fact is that none of the moralists have been apprehending human nature as it happens, in its daily and prosaic urge and lag. The empiricism of the most empirical has not been radical enough. They have been overborne by the weight of tradition and the bias for dialectical consistency. Both of these influences made for the survival in some form of the myth that human nature is a single, indivisible, immaterial soul with clear and distinct faculties (the modern word for faculties, just now in vogue, is instinct) set in a material body with clear and distinct organs and functions; that the law of the soul and the law of the body are two laws, the first of the master, the second of the servant. But the servant is rebellious and the master too often sleeps. Conduct, both of individuals and of groups, can be precisely compounded out of the materials—and their variants and replacements in the history of thought—here given. They continue, much more largely than even moralists and psychologists suspect, to compose the elements of social psychology and moral philosophy.

Since the middle of the last century, the gathering mass and momentum of those disciplines hopefully called the social sciences, the dislocation of custom by industry and of doctrine by discovery, have tended to shift the position and to mitigate the cathedrality of the moralist and his Ethics. Rebellion has challenged him, pity denied him. Hegel has his Marx, Bentham his Ruskin, Schopenhauer his Nietzsche. But the challenger and denier make use of the same assumption concerning human nature as their enemies. They do not diverge from the tradition, they continue it, and inert and massive, it persists, dominating the schools, where the moralists' authority still prevails, and echoing thence from pulpit, bench and rostrum into the streets of life. At last the time of their crepusculation is at hand. The signs of it have been multiplying in recent years. Now they have been gathered into an insight and uttered as a program. The gathering and uttering are Mr. Dewey's book. This is not merely a comprehensive and essential distilment and application of the mass of new knowledge concerning man to the analysis and control of the customs and conduct of man; it is a survey and exposure of the static and transcendental illusion of the moralists, a devastating dissolution of their "norms," standards and other ineffables, by an uncovering of their origins and grounds. It reinstalls human nature and conduct in the social flux; it irrefutably places morality as an item of natural, not a focus of transnatural, history. Thus it makes righteousness causally relevant and vindicates moral idealism as socially efficacious.

Not new? Of course not. Mr. Dewey's work focalizes a divergent intellectual tendency of which he himself has been a protagonist and prophet, in which he is one of a fellowship, who share its attitude and participate in its technique. But it focalizes, it integrates. It throws human nature and conduct completely into the divergent perspective, transvaluing all its values with a fullness only approximated by pragmatists hitherto, and with a genuineness never even guessed by rebels of the Nietzschean stripe to whom transvaluing is only contradicting, not transforming. Highly abstract and concentratedly subtle though the book is compelled to be, it has a quality of vitality and abundance, an eloquence and emotional immediacy joined with epigrammatic sharpness unprecedented in Mr. Dewey's work, and rare among philosophers anywhere. There is a tang of spring and youth about it.

Why, has been a curious speculation for me. I have been able to hit upon no other reason than that the insight here uttered is a fresh insight, and the line of thought a divergent line from the tradition. Behavior is observed with something of the directness and realism of the Greeks of the Enlightenment who had no vicious tradition of moral philosophy to break free from. Indeed its two fundamental conceptions, that of function and that of fate or luck, are a recovery of what is lasting in the Greek insight. This is the recognition that the life of man is the interplay of fate and function. Born helpless and utterly dependent into a world which he did not seek and from which it is long not in his own power to escape, he grows up in an environment compact of institutions and customs that are channels for his energies and molds for his behavior from his first weak cry to his last gasp. They impose themselves upon him as his habits. They exist themselves as habits. They are the patterns of behavior which men and women fall into under the impact and

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influence of things. They are responses to things, functions of them, modified and confirmed by transmission, polished and solidified through tradition. They are activities of adjustment to things, devices to manage and control things. They are skills. They are arts. They are the established ways in which human beings live together and secure food and clothing and shelter against weather, disease and foes, the ways in which they work together, play together, fight together.

It is a fact, buried under the weight of accumulations from the past, that their form and nature are determined far more by the attributes of the environment than by the qualities of man. These accumulations invest them with an inertia and rigidity that is not unlike the gravity of the material to which they apply. All together, they are the collective mind and it is with this mind for his essential milieu that the individual must grow up, live and move and have his being. His interaction with it may obviously be harmonious or conflicting, concentric or eccentric. It may obstruct, suppress, evoke, or integrate his native plastic and indeterminate impulses, making of him a rebel, or a fugitive or a strong man, according to the habits of interaction, the arts of living, it molds them into. These habits are not in him isolate and distinct, any more than are his so-called instincts or impulses. They interpenetrate—his organism acts as a unit—and, interpenetrating, they are his character. The community accepts or rejects his character according to the degree in which it fits into the systems of customs and modes that are its institutions or habits of life. These, formulated in precept and doctrine, become the "moral law," the transcendental standard by which the individual is judged. This law is a projection in idea of the de facto authority of the community, and this authority has its ultimate root and sanction in the status, power, and preferences of the ruling class in the community. On the whole, and by and large, it is for this class that the moralists speak.

There would seem, then, to obtain in society a marked tendency toward the repetition and reduplication of character. But this tendency is met by a simultaneous countertendency, the tendency of habits, which are the constituents of character, to come constantly into conflict with one another. In such conflicts the established ways of behaving disintegrate, and disintegrating, release the impulses which they enchannel and which animate them. Now impulse, unlike habit, has no pattern. It is a protean energy, plastic and indeterminate. This is why habits can and do change. Impulses pass from one pattern to another; the change of pattern is a change of habit; impulse is the energy and pivot of the change. Its new form is usually an easier and better adjustment to the milieu than the old, a reintegration of what had become disunited and conflicting. It is the young life in old institutions, rejuvenating them from within, keeping them labile and therefore alive. "When customs are flexible, and youth is educated as youth and not as premature adulthood, no nation grows old." For then the original plasticity of impulse or instinct finds its way into constantly new habits giving to them pertinence and freshness and so, freedom to personality. This plasticity, a major source of novelty in history, is the best evidence that human nature not only can be, but is, changed. Such institutions as war, the price-system, property, are systems of habits, not instincts. They can be eliminated like other habits. Thus, the forces that once caused war, those celebrated, for example, in the Iliad, now find an unwarlike outlet; the impulses that are enchanneled in the patterns of economic behavior can be expressed in other ways than those of private property. The flexibility of impulse is infinite; none of the habits or institutions in which it works itself out is foreordained. That there are separate instincts, each predetermining its social expression, is an illusion. The whole organism is in play in every "instinctive" action and the observable pattern of the action is different with each difference of time and place and circumstance. Those who urge that human nature cannot be changed are those who have a vested interest in keeping it unchanged in certain specific respects. Their behavior shows that they do not believe what they urge; they persecute, oppress and outlaw all activities and influences designed to change human nature.

In effect, every change of custom or habit is a change of human nature. It is a process which generates and applies deliberation and intelligence, consciousness and thought. These are contingent on habit. They arise wherever habits are obstructed by things in the external world or by one another, wherever there occurs a formation, operation, interruption and reorganization of habits. Thinking or knowledge, in a word, has no separate organ. It is a function of habit and consists in the bringing to bear of other habits where some one habit has been dislocated or obstructed; in an imaginative rehearsing of alternative habits, until, as the conclusion of the give and take which the obstruction has initiated between itself and the habits it holds in check, choice, decision results. The decision is an "emergence of unified preferences out of competing preferences," it is a coordination of desires. The customary name for this coordination is Reason, and Reason, it will be seen, is not a thing primary but eventual; it is the integration and harmony of habits. There is neither calculation nor prediction in it. It is simply the living organization of the elements of the present act. It is the enrichment and stabilization of this act with the meanings of its future consequences. It is, in this sense, the Good, and is unique. "Good consists in the meaning that is experienced to belong to an activity when conflict and entanglement of various impulses and habits terminate in a unified orderly release in action." As no situation of conflict and entanglement is ever twice alike, good can never be twice alike in quality. Each instance of it is a unique complex of freed activity. One element in it, only an element, is what is usually called the moral end, ideal, or aim. The tradition regards these as the termini of action, but careful observation shows them to be merely turning-points in action. If they complete one mode of activity, they also begin another; they work as directive stimuli only, instruments of intelligence in guiding action. The same thing holds true of "motives" and "principles." They are forces *in,* not above or beyond, the continuous process of conflict and integration which is the course of life, they are hypotheses of conduct which must be justified by the event. Nor is desire an exception. It also is an instrument of intelligence, functioning as the sign of interruption and disintegration in the forward urge of living creatures. That which it yearns toward is the factor of reintegration, the coupling-link which binds together the train of life and keeps it moving as a whole.

Now the coupling or reintegration is always a present act. It is on the present that we bring the past and the future to bear. Particularly the future. For the consideration of future consequences is not prophecy but an enrichment of the meaning of the living present from which the future grows. We cannot aim at the future

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directly. We can only live into it from next to next, reaching it as a result. We can control it only as an effect of present causes. If we take care of the present, the future will take care of itself. For the present alone is what we can work on; the future is what we work out. The persistent failure of men to recognize this obvious relation of present to future has been the source of much sorrow and disaster in human life. Regarding the future out of its connection with the present, they have sought to secure it without care for the present; they have wasted the present by narrowness or default. This has particularly been an attribute of rebels and liberals and moralists. It has been, one may infer, the ground of the liberal illusion during the Great War and of the political illusion of the small peace. Had the peacemakers at Versailles had a realistic understanding of the present, that is, a present regard for future consequences, the later outcome would, within the limits set by luck, have been a part of the then present meaning of the treaty they wrote, and Europe would not now be on the ragged edge of disaster. Always the neglect of the future meanings of the present is defeat of the future.

A good life, in sum, is a continuous present process of conflict and reintegration in which habit, impulse and intelligence mingle their lights and modify and reinforce one another. Essentially in flux, it is a sequence of unique goods, a transition from next to next, in which meaning grows by inclusion and harmonization of more and more elements. All these elements are on the same level of experience. There is no higher or lower among them. There is only an earlier or later. Moral status accrues to them alone from the fact that they bear upon or compose alternative activities in the continuum of life. Of these alternatives, "the better is the good; the best is not better than the good, but simply the discovered good. The worse, or evil, is a rejected good." Better and worse are both parts of a process in which moral judgment is always subject to revision by its issue. This revision is in our control. It yields to conduct increase in meaning. When it is a present reconstructing of the present, involving the multiplication of sound distinctions as well as harmony, it is progress. The rest is luck, the pure contingency of a world which was not made for us and does not care for us. If we have freedom in it, we have it in just the degree that, by knowing the facts, we are enabled to master them; to overrule their coercion and vary our plans and experience novelties; to influence events by the power of our desire and choice. These ways of freedom are, at bottom, activities of intelligence. They are control of the present by foresight of the future, the positive substance of that usually privative term, Freedom. They function in a social milieu whence we appropriate the stuff of our intelligence, our consciousness, our approvals and disapprovals. Whatever else our habits and their conduct be, they are in and of society; they belong organically in "a community of life in which the continuities of existence are consummated." They are integrations and symbols of this social whole, and as such, the enduringly significant matter of religious consciousness: "the acts in which we express our perception of the ties which bind us to others are its [religion's] only rites and ceremonies." The residue is cosmic weather, luck or fate.

So what seems to me the heart of Mr. Dewey's argument runs. No summary can do justice to the variety, the scope and the wisdom of his analysis of human nature and conduct. Its radical empiricism dethrones all the idols of the moralists and reinstals them in the living pertinence in which they had their origin, in the specific functions, services, attributes and operations of the drab immediacies of the daily life. The moralists themselves, their high priests, it turns into the outer darkness. It points out that, if they seek initiation into efficacy and relevance in the life of man, they must replace fancies with observations, speculations with statistics, dialectic with scientific method. It stipulates, in a word, that they shall become adventurous workers in the fields of social science instead of complacent sciolists of moral laws. In the latter rôle they are foredoomed to pass ever more swiftly to the limbo of human affairs, of as little consequence as astrologers, alchemists, exorcisers and other magicians.

. . . . To turn from summary to criticism is a difficulty. Mr. Dewey's views are so much my own and his statement of them, abstract as it is, so natural and inevitable in form that I cannot say how often I have passed from his formulations to my own and back again in making the summary. If, therefore, I set down the problem with which the book leaves me, it is with diffidence and hesitation. I wonder whether Mr. Dewey has not been too consistent to be quite correct. I have a sense that his empiricism, unprecedentedly radical as it is in this field, has not been radical enough to neutralize his sense of logical form. His argument seems to me quite unwittingly to have underemphasized or slurred the certain limit to communal causation that lies in the bald fact that men, to be men at all, must have and do have a numerical physiological diversity that begins at their skins. This diversity seems to me irreducible. With all the contact, flow and ebb and interpenetration of habits, customs, impulses, traditions and arts and sciences in the lives of men, they can never be concentric and coincident for any two lives. Interpenetrations are always partial, never completed. Something always stands out, anarchic, unabsorbed, unadjusted, of each man's personality itself, and that which so stands out is the very centre of the personality, where its body lives and its mind starts. However common and socialized the contents and substances of value may become, the centres of value are always individual and prior, and this from the first breath of the completely dependent infant to the strongest passion of the most self-sufficient adult. Ultimately individuals are incommensurables, for exactly the reason that they are mutually exclusive centres of change in space, and the same causes come to different effects in making juncture with them. This fact perhaps even more than the uniqueness and discreteness of goods which Mr. Dewey signalizes so brilliantly, seems to me to underly the relativity of morals. For the unique goods do, as Mr. Dewey recognizes, carry over from present to future, interpenetrating and integrating with one another, and stretching into the single span which is a life. Not so the physical individuals to whom these goods pertain, with reference to whom they are localized. Dewey is Dewey and James, let us say, is James, and no degree of identity and continuity in their social and intellectual milieu will make Dewey of James or James of Dewey. Their worlds come to a focus at different and impenetrable centres; they may overlap, but they cannot coincide.

The same overemphasis of the temporal at the expense of the spatial conditions of experience seems to me involved in Mr. Dewey's conception of good and evil. The spatial conditions of experience are implicated in certain physical limitations upon and grounds for human conduct

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which Mr. Dewey overlooks, but on which good and evil seem to me to be elementally dependent. Mr. Dewey's conception of these values is thoroughly self-consistent and comes by direct implication from the pragmatic position. As, for the pragmatist, error is rejected truth, so evil is rejected good. Dialectically, this should undoubtedly be so. But empirically, observation points to certain physiological revulsions, pains, discomforts, uneasinesses, the rejection of which is automatic, direct, immediate and persistent; qualities which are never chosen, though often, perhaps, endured. That, mixed with other elements, they seem to be chosen, is true. But is it not also true that they only seem to be? It is the other elements, not they that are chosen. They are suffered for the sake of the others; unsustained by those, they are ineluctably rejected. Who chooses martyrdom for its own sake, and not for the sake of the martyr's crown? The same observations would apply to certain goods. Empirically, there is ground, I think, for recognizing specific positive, direct, simple goods and evils which are such regardless of whether they figure in alternatives or not, and which are quite as definitely a part of the texture of life as the comparative betters and worses of which the moral life is more conspicuously composed. Unless they are so recognized, it would be difficult to find a reply to such moralists of the tradition as are likely to assert that Mr. Dewey has only shifted the emphases, not abolished the dichotomy between morality and life.

H. M. KALLEN.

A Satire on the Movies

Merton of the Movies, by Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday Page and Company. $1.75.

"NOW take your picture public. Twenty million people every day; not the same ones every day, but with the same average cranial index, which is low for all but seven out of every hundred. That's natural because there aren't twenty million people in the world with taste or real intelligence—probably not five million. . . . Don't worry; that reliable field marshal, old General Hokum, leads an unbeatable army." This from the Governor, a movie director in Mr. Wilson's Merton of the Movies.

For once, old General Hokum is beaten, badly beaten, by the humor, the art, the wisdom, the restraint of Mr. Wilson's satire. He will raise his head again to be sure, and rally his legion of morons, since for the thousands who will laugh with Mr. Wilson there are millions who might read his story and see nothing in it to laugh at at all. He will rise again, and continue his easily conquering march, but you and I will carve a small tablet to mark Mr. Wilson's brilliant victory.

It would be an injustice to the skill with which Mr. Wilson begins his story to try to reproduce that beginning's particular effect. Enough to say that Merton Gill, who is a humble clerk in the Emporium of Amos G. Gashwiler at Simbury, Illinois, is ambitious to become a movie star. His room is plastered with pictures of Beulah Baxter in her great screen series, The Hazards of Hortense—Beulah "alone in a foul den of the underworld," or leaping, to escape a fate even worse than death, from the cornice of a Fifth Avenue mansion to the branches of a eucalyptus tree. There were other pictures—of himself, stills of Merton in a trench coat, in a sport shirt, "in evening dress, two straightened fingers resting against his left temple," pictures signed, "in a running, angular, distinguished hand, 'Very truly yours, Clifford Armytage.'" When work was over, Merton Gill, or, as he usually thought of himself, Clifford Armytage, would go down town to get his mail, waiting on the platform for the arrival of No. 4, whose passengers, he used to fancy, "might shrewdly detect him to be out of place there." His mail consisted of Photo Land, Silver Screenings, and Camera, in which he read perhaps interviews with screen stars—the male star, Harold Parmalee, saying, "You ask of my wife: she is more than a wife—she is my best pal, and, I may add, my severest critic"; the female star, "with her beautiful arms about the shoulders of her dear old mother," saying "I'm wild about history. And how I love the great free out-of-doors!" Merton is much moved by the pictures of this "slim little girl with the sad eyes and wistful mouth." "But he had been unable to learn if Beulah Baxter was still unwed . . . Camera, in its answers to correspondents, had said, 'Not now.' Then he had written to Photo Land: 'Is Beulah Baxter unmarried?' The answer had come, 'Twice.'"

While downtown he meets Tessie Kearns, who is also full of screen ambitions, and has written a scenario, Passion's Perils. They talk shop, they are both disgusted by the comedies. Tessie remarks that "Those censors ought to suppress this sort of buffoonery instead of scenes of dignified passion like they did in Scarlet Sin." And Merton agrees.

Late at night he goes back to his room, there to take "some dumb-bell exercises that would make his shoulders a trifle more like Harold Parmalee's." "This rite concluded, he knelt by his narrow cot and prayed briefly.

"'Oh, God, make me a good movie actor! Make me one of the best! For Jesus' sake, amen!'"

At last he has saved up enough to take him to Hollywood. For a long time there is no job there for Clifford Armytage. He wanders about the studios, feeding his intense curiosity and his reverence for the Art. Happening upon a film in any stage of development, he can reconstruct the whole plot from one glance. He watches "one of those moving tragedies not unfamiliar to the screen enthusiast. The beautiful but misguided wife had been saying good-by to her little one and was leaving her beautiful home at the solicitation of the false friend in evening dress—forgetting all in one mad moment. The watcher was a tried expert, and like the trained faunal naturalist could determine a species from the shrewd examination of one bone of a photoplay. He knew that the wife had been ignored by a husband who permitted his vast business interests to engross his whole attention, leaving his wife to seek solace in questionable quarters. He knew that the starched but faithful nurse would presently discover the little one to be suffering from a dangerous fever. . . ."

After many days Merton, thanks partly to his having kept his evening clothes, gets a job as an extra in a cabaret scene from The Blight of Broadway. Here he obeys the command to smoke cigarettes—which he hates—with disillusion; to register, with other weary pleasure-seekers, "the hollowness of this night-life" when told "you're bored with it all; you're feeling the blight, see?"

But the few dollars earned for this one performance cannot prevent his small savings from dwindling away. He cannot pay his board, he gives up his room, and sleeps in what by day is the Log Cabin of the Big Hearted Miners. He finds, as he wanders about the Lot, that his interest is chiefly in bedroom scenes. He is down to one last ten-dollar bill, and notices that the face of Andrew Jackson would have made a good motion-picture type—"probably

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they would have cast him for a feuding mountaineer, deadly with his rifle." By day he watches the various films in process of manufacture. Hunger perhaps helps to spread over his mind a certain disillusion, as he notices how easily a horse can be made to shy by a skillfully aimed charge of rock-salt. A dreadful day comes when he discovers that Beulah Baxter employs a double for her dangerous stunts, and that she is married. Flips Montague, who acts as her double, sympathizes with Merton. She was once very fond of the preacher at her church—"the loveliest thing, with wonderful eyes and dark hair, and his voice would go all through you. . . . When you found Baxter was married it was like I'd found this preacher shooting hop or using a double in his pulpit stuff."

How Flips Montague rescues Merton, how she sees the possibilities of his deadly earnestness and his caricatural resemblance to Harold Parmalee, is best left to Mr. Wilson to tell. It would not do to spoil his story of how Merton, who thought he was playing in serious-worth while drama, finds the film—not all of which he has been allowed to see in the process of manufacture—in which he starred advertised as "5 reels—500 Laughs," and his state of mind as he sits through all the audience's five hundred laughs.

To keep this naif tragi-comedian in character must have been a difficult job, but Mr. Wilson has done it with great skill and ease. Only twice does he stray out of key, as when he describes Merton as standing with "a trace of the fatuously admiring smile still lingering on his expressive face." It is a tribute to his deftness that this innocent but false word should so stand out from page after page of perfect characterization. Mr. Wilson's painting in of Merton Gill, a character which offers so many rich possibilities for violent colors and broad burlesque, has restrained him within limits which recall the art of Ring Lardner's "busher." Flips Montague is also extremely well-done, and Mr. Wilson avoids, neatly and humanly, the many pitfalls of what would in less workmanlike hands have been an unreal love-story. He has a particularly pleasing combination of being not unkind in his view of people without being in the slightest degree soft-hearted.

Mr. Wilson is best of all at reporting movie dialect. Her is a bit between Henshaw and the Governor, a director who can make his mind, cynical as it is, coincide exactly with the movie stereotypes:

> "And it appeared that Island Love, though having begun as Robinson Crusoe, would contain few of the outstanding features of that tale. Instead of Crusoe's wrecked sailing-ship, there was a wrecked steam yacht, a very expensive yacht stocked with all modern luxuries, nor would there be a native Friday and his supposed sister with the tattooed shoulder, but a wealthy young New Yorker and his valet who would be good for comedy on a desert island, and a beautiful girl, and a scoundrel who would in the last reel be thrown over the cliffs.
>
> "Henshaw was vivacious about the effects he would get. 'I've been wondering, Governor,' he continued, 'if we're going to kill off the heavy, whether we shouldn't plant it early that besides wanting this girl who's on the island, he's the same scoundrel that wronged the young sister of the lead that owns the yacht. See what I mean? —it would give more conflict.'
>
> "'But here—' The Governor frowned and spoke after a moment's pause. 'Your young New Yorker is rich, isn't he? Fine old family, and all that, how could he have a sister that would get wronged? You couldn't do it. If he's got a wronged sister, he'd have to be a workingman or a sailor or something. And she couldn't be a New York society girl; she'd have to be working some place, in a store or office—don't you see? How could you have a swell young New Yorker with a wronged sister? Real society girls never get wronged unless their father loses his money, and then it's never anything serious enough to kill a heavy for. No—that's out.'"

From this short passage, if dug up thousands of years from now in some American Pompeii, an archaeological posterity would be better able to reconstruct our movies, and with them much of our civilization, than from any other passage, book, record, plot or picture that I know of. I shouldn't dare to say how high I rank Mr. Wilson, for a skill of which this is only the largest nugget, as a satirist, as a humorist of the quiet, deep-dish variety which this country produces every once in a while.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A Drama of Race Relations

White and Black, by H. A. Shands. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.90.

IF plot made the novel, a few lines would be sufficient to dismiss this book. There is a boy and girl romance in it, so little essential that the author doesn't even take the trouble to bring it to a definite conclusion. There is a hero worth building a plot around: a real Southern gentleman, just, humane, tolerant, who develops under the author's hand into a figure of extraordinary distinctness and beauty. There is a "bad nigger" and a lynching; Ku Klux Klan outrages, leaving behind a menace of revenge which would serve well as the beginning of a novel of the Mérimée school. The material is promising enough, but it is left as material, because the author is interested in something else. What he has attempted to do is to set forth the drama of race relations as it is played or might be played almost anywhere in the rural South. And he has succeeded. One who has not lived in the South will learn more about the real race problem from this novel than from a dozen scientific treatises.

The scene is laid in a county in East Texas, a region of worn out plantations worked under the share system by Negro tenants. The characters are about a dozen whites and as many blacks, each individualized with a knack that indicates direct observation rather than a self-conscious technique. A character appears on first introduction as almost a lay figure: what he does or says means nothing until, apparently by accident, the author hits upon a sentence or a phrase whose authenticity makes the character live. Take this plaint of Harry Senter, twenty-one year old son of an impoverished white tenant. "Hell's got into me, that's whut's got into me. Hyeer last year Sister Mary died, an' we're jus' so damn pore an' don't know nuthin' an' can't do nuthin' an' never have nuthin'." One knows that lad pretty well, now, and understands why he "slips around of nights after the gals," turns into a demon of revenge when his remaining sister has been raped, joins the Ku Klux Klan to hunt down a young Negro preacher whose real offence is good English and a decent education. Or take Mr. Deane, prosperous landowner, a man who doesn't want anything but what is his, and means to get that, examining a gold medal won in high school by his prospective son-in-law. "Yes, it's gold. It must have cost at least ten dollars. I wonder how the school board could legally make an appropriation for that." That last sent-

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ence is out of life, not the product of a fiction writer's imagination. You know Mr. Deane after that. In the same way Mr. Shands has managed to authenticate practically every character, the landscape and herbage, the sun and wind, so that the reader closes the book with the feeling that he has actually lived in the community described and has been faced directly by its problems.

Of these problems the central one is that of the sexual exploitation of the black women by the white men. It is a sore point in the conscience of the community, much discussed where men get together. There is a hierarchy in the forms of the offence. Most to be reprobated is Henry Thompson who lives openly in concubinage, confesses himself attached to his mistress and his mulatto children and utterly unwilling to cast them off. Less offensive to the community sense is Randy Shallow who carries on his shady amours brazenly enough but cynically, without any disposition to acknowledge attendant responsibilities. Least reprehensible is the relation that approaches nearest to mere prostitution. Of course, the better sort of white men regard it all as the shame of the county, and do their best to keep their sons uncontaminated. But it is the general conviction that the problem can not be solved. Given two races living side by side, superior and inferior, the women of the inferior race will not generally resist the advances of men of the superior race. And men are men. That is the general conclusion of the male community depicted by Mr. Shands. Is its logic escapable?

The indirect consequences of this state of affairs stand out quite clearly. One is the overidealization of the white women. Men of the more sensitive kind, after their adventures in mixed relations, do not dare to lift their eyes to the pure angel a white woman appears in their imagination. The result is somewhat different with coarser natures, but the overidealization prevails, creating a type of woman who may be most charming and lovable, but about as serious a handicap to the man who strives toward justice and tolerance and humanity as could possibly be imagined. The hairtrigger attitude of the Southern white man toward anything savoring of impertinence on the part of the black man is directly related to the conception of woman as a dazzling white ideal.

And there you have the vicious circle of race relations. Keep the Negro down, and the Negro women become the prey of the baser white men, or of the better white men in their baser moments. The white woman rises upon a pedestal, and the Negro must be kept so low that he might not by any chance raise his eyes to her. How such a condition affects the emotions of the pathologically irresponsible Negro, and how it ripens into fierce race hatred in the breast of the poor white, who is conscious that even the Negro looks with contempt on him and his kind, are points you can not help speculating on when you get so near to reality as you do in this book. Nor can you escape a feeling of the futility of the aspiration for race purity so long as the Negroes are denied a zone of self-respect and the right to protect their wives and daughters. In a view extending into future centuries, what is accomplished by banning formal interracial relations so long as conditions obtain which make illicit relations inevitable? Our caste system cannot be more rigid than that of the northern conquerors of India, nor retain its rigidity more consistently through the ages. But the complexion of the purest caste Brahmin of today bears witness to the upward movement of the blood of the dark substratum.

It is said by Southerners that the intermixture of the races is not going on so freely now as formerly. Open concubinage is frowned upon almost everywhere in the South, and one of the professed objects of such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan is to stamp it out. Mr. Shands gives a vivid, almost melodramatic account of an invasion of the Klan—that association for mutual support of sinners who want to throw the first stone, in the dark. The Klan could tar and feather and even emasculate occasional offenders, but as for actually preventing the offence, nothing could be clearer than that in the long run such outrages as the Klan commits can have no other effect than to intensify the emotional forces making for race mixture.

There isn't any way out through repression or moral suasion or religious revival; a militant, superior race and a humiliated, subject race on the same ground will inevitably produce its quota of mixed blood. An abatement of the emphasis upon superiority and inferiority, a removal of economic disabilities of the Negro as Negro, affords the only possible hope of race purity. That would, I think, have been Mr. Shand's solution, if he had been writing a scientific treatise with a program, instead of a novel aiming to present the facts of life in a mixed race community just as they are. A. J.

The Secret Way, by Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

LONG before one comes to the group of poems, In J. P. P.'s Metre, it is evident that Miss Gale's early verse, contained in the first third of her book, was influenced by, and written during the period of, Josephine Preston Peabody's The Singing Leaves. And through the first two-thirds of the book, though the second third is made of later poems, the same kinship not only of metre but of spirit, too marked and inwoven to be merely derivative, is plain—the vague but certain conviction of unseen presences, sounds in silence, wings in air, hovering protection, consciousness of inanimate things, "a sense of someone here, or of something not ourselves," a something which can be addressed substantively as Wise and Beautiful and Dear. They are all, essentially, the poems of youth—poems of a vagueness, a buzzing unclarity, which would not make for sanity or realization in middle life, and which is not art.

The last third of the book, containing News Notes of Portage, Wisconsin and Prose Notes, is the best, being the most mature and specific. The few News Notes, free verse character sketches, are really worth while. It would have been wiser to have left the early poems unpublished at this late date and waited until there was enough work of the Portage calibre to make a book.

Contributors

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